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# THE PACIFIC

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## The Freeness of the Sunshine.

THE sun does not shine for a few trees, and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine on the mountain-top waves its sombre boughs and cries, "Thou art my sun." And the little meadow violet lifts its cup of blue, and whispers with its perfumed breath, "Thou art my sun." And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind, and makes answer, "Thou art my sun." So God sits effulgent in heaven, not for a favored few, but for the universe of life; and there is no creature so poor or so low that he may not look up with childish confidence and say, "My Father, Thou art mine."

—Henry Ward Beecher.



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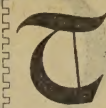
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# THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

*"First pure, then peaceable . . . without partiality and without hypocrisy."*

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal.

Thursday, 30 August: 1900

## At Eventide.

"At eventide search through your ways

What you have said this day,

What done, what thought;

For more than once you may have sinned

Against your neighbor and your God."



Ex-President Baldwin of Pomona College, writes: "I find that the paper fills an absolute in renewing his subscription to The Pacific, need in my case. I need to keep in touch with all our work on this Coast, and in this the paper is admirable. I hope you can maintain it." Mrs. S. M. Farnam, whose interest in the work of the Woman's Board of Missions has brought her to the knowledge of all our Congregational people on the Coast, writes from Paris, where a few copies of the paper reached her on her travels: "I assure you I have enjoyed reading them. The paper has lost nothing of its excellence. Not long ago the Rev. Dr. Hallock, pastor of Plymouth church, Minneapolis, wrote a friend in California: "The Pacific is a joy to me beyond any other paper that I read, for it someway has a fine flavor, and a keen discrimination, and most of it is interesting, which is saying a good deal in view of the multitude of uninteresting sayings now extant, alas!" Would that these words could be brought to the notice of the many Congregationalists on the Pacific Coast who do not read the paper. We cannot accomplish with the paper what ought to be accomplished because it goes into too few of the homes. It is hoped that an effort can be made ere long to attach more of our church people to the paper and thus to the great work which can be done only in and through such a medium.



We had occasion a week or two since to notice, with regret, the decision of the Supreme Court of California, which, in effect,

reopens several criminal cases already tried, and brought to substantially just conclusions. Technicality, in that decision, was allowed to override equity, and, it may be feared, in large measure to defeat the ends of justice. And now we have to record another instance, in which, if first reports are correct, a similar injury has been done to the cause of beneficent reform, to the good name of our State, and to the credit of our judiciary. By a decision of the Supreme Court rendered last week, the judgment of the Superior Court has been reversed, the right of sanitary districts to close up and drive out saloons from their limits has been denied; much valuable work undone, the reopening of these antechambers of hell made easy, and surrounded by additional protection. Why is it that the law should so often be interpreted in the interests of the criminal and dangerous classes, rather than of those who have the virtue and good order of our communities at heart? If our State Constitution, that incomprehensible instrument, is to be liberally interpreted, why not let the interpretation favor the constructive, not the destructive, elements of society? Well, the anti-saloon movement will not break down under such adverse influences. The only effect must be that its promoters brace themselves up to new endeavor, plan new methods, and push them with more grim determination. The hackset is but temporary. The end is certain; for—

"Truth is truth, since God is God,  
And truth the day must win."

Since writing the above a communication has been received from Rev. Dr. Chapman, Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, commenting hopefully upon the decision of the Court. He sees advantages to the general interests of the work rising out of it. The "Sanitary district" law, he says, though useful has proved cumbersome. It has accomplished, perhaps, its best work, and now, under the



aroused feeling which the Supreme Court decision has evoked, better methods of saloon suppression will be sought for and developed.

The undesirable provisions of sanitary district regulations, such, e. g., as its restriction to the retail liquor traffic, will be eliminated, and with these will pass much of the opposition experienced from real friends of temperance reform. Stress can be concentrated now upon the election of supervisors who have full powers of restriction or exclusion, and who, in Sutter and Riverside counties, have actually banished the saloon. Prohibitory laws can be agitated for as is now being done in Santa Barbara, Ventura, Orange and San Diego counties. In these ways concentration of effort will be secured and better methods of work be devised, and more vigorously pressed toward larger success. Thus the silver lining of the cloud lightens our sky.

### Charity and the Churches.

Some years since the writer started some inquiries as to the relations of the churches to organized benevolence. These inquiries were not pushed far enough to elicit conclusive replies. They did, however, result in the conviction that a very large percentage of contributions to charitable work, in its various forms, comes from those more or less closely identified with the churches, and whose inspiration was drawn from this source.

The conviction has been strengthened by a recent glance at a catalogue of "New York Charities," by various items of news, East and West, and by reading an address of Charles A. Murdock, Esq., before the Pacific Unitarian Conference. This last, of course, deals with but a single religious denomination, and does not profess to state the case fully, even as regards that. It is perhaps all the more suggestive on that account. It must have been pleasant hearing for his auditors.

The enumeration begins with two honored names in Massachusetts history—Amos and Abbott Laurence; leading merchants and patriotic citizens of a former generation. They made their money honorably, and they dispensed it generously, wisely and sympathetically. The elder brother, Amos, will be remembered, among other gracious memories, for his interest in educational institutions, and specially for his benefactions to Williams and

Kenyon Colleges, at a time when fortunes where more modest and large endowments rarer than to-day. Acting while he could, as his own executor, he gave away during his own life time over \$700,000. Abbott Laurence, who was also United States Minister to England, was closely identified with Harvard University, to which he was a liberal giver, his name being perpetuated in the Scientific School connected with that institution.

There was Peter Cooper also, whose money flowed into almost all the charitable channels of New York in his day; John G. Clark, founder of the Clark University in Worcester, Mass., to which over five million dollars of his money have been or will be devoted; Ezra Cornell, whose monument is the splendid university which bears his name—these and others are mentioned by name. The list might be greatly extended, so as to include honored names in our own communities, all within the embrace of a single denominational fold. And all of these might be matched by representatives of other Christian bodies; by our Stanfords, and Hearsts, and Armours, and Carnegies, and Goulds, and a whole host of princely givers. There are richly endowed souls also, whose wealth lies, not so much in material coin, as in treasures of intellect and heart, who have freely laid these upon the altar of humanity. But just now we are dealing with the financial side of charity; and the point to which these examples tend is the religious element as inspiring and dominating these public spirited benefactors.

We may go further in our claim. These whose names have been mentioned, and those whom they represent, after all, bear to the support of modern charities only such relation as Shasta and Hood and Ranier do to the mountain system of the Sierra Nevada. These princely donations are indeed overtopped in the aggregate by the streams from countless smaller givers, which are ceaselessly flowing out to help and to bless the world. Whence comes the support of missionary agencies, than which no more various and vital charity can be cited, or orphanages, or temperance work, or aid societies? Read over the lists of contributions for famine relief, or for sufferers from fire or flood. Whence come they? Not all from the inner circle of church life, it is true; yet, as we read over those lists, we are



made to feel that the back-lying fountains of such beneficence are within the sanctuary of God; the streams start from beneath the throne, flow thence under the threshold, and out over the arid plains of lifeless toil; down through the valleys of earthly distress, in rivulets, streams, rivers, toward the sea, into the ocean of life, sweetening and healing all. So has the writer traced the Rio Grande from its birth in the melting snows of Colorado, down the mountain sides, receiving accessions from every gulch and canyon crossed; a steadily enlarging torrent, pouring down upon the lowlands, ever on, until its waters mingle with those of the great Atlantic, and through the great Gulf Stream, carrying the life and cheer of the tropics to regions which were else locked fast beneath eternal snows.

It is not claimed, in these paragraphs, that the Church of Christ, directly or indirectly, is doing all it might toward the reign of universal brotherhood and millennial prosperity; but it is believed that, as compared with the irreligious world, the Church is not derelict, but that, as of old, it called down the contemptuous sneers of heathen Rome for its care of the poor and the sick, so now charity has its seat in the regenerate heart, and that the real spring of social as well as individual betterment, of earthly, not less than heavenly, benefaction is in the New Jerusalem, and flows out from beneath the throne of God and of the Lamb.

### How Readest Thou?

"Man is what he feeds upon." A German materialist is responsible for that phrase; but it has more than a basis of truth for all that and the connection between food and character is close in proportion to the spheres of life affected; most immediate and closest, therefore, when mental food is referred to. Character is largely determined by reading. What one reads? and How one reads? are inquiries quite as important as, Does one read? To say that one is a great reader may or may not be a commendation. What principle determines his selection? Or has he none? Is his mind an orderly accumulation of valuables, or is it a junk shop; or, worse than that, a garbage barrel, into which refuse matter is flung, an indiscriminate, corrupting mass? Study publishers' catalogues, newsdealers' shelves, walk through public libraries and

mark what books are called for, watch the sales on railroad trains, glance at the tables of private families. It will be a suggestive study. True, as Lord Bacon has it, reading maketh a full man"; but the value of this depends upon the filling. Does his reading make him a pure man, a well man, a strong man? Not unless it is carefully selected. For otherwise it will be, not the best, but the worst, of what others have written, which is likely to be swallowed, just as one who is not particular as to the company he keeps is apt to be the companions of fools and not of wise men. A very large proportion, in bulk, of that which issues from the press is demoralizing, if not poisonous; it weakens if it does not destroy; and it is the worst and not the best of reading, as of life, which is apt to catch the unwary.

It is related of Gutenberg, the reputed father of the modern printing press, that while the invention was known to himself alone a vision of its influence on the world passed before him, its death-dealing as well as its life-giving streams. Horrified at the prospect, he was almost persuaded to withhold the dangerous agency from the world. What would have been the effect upon him had even a glimpse of the full truth been his; if he had foreseen the development of the newspaper press; if he could have anticipated the flaring billboards, with their unwholesome, often fatally, corrupting pictures? It is appalling even to ourselves, familiar as we are with the facts. It is one of the most oppressive features of modern society.

But it is not alone the quality of mental food which enters into the consideration; quite as important is its relation to the individual digestion. The test of food is assimilation; only that which is so taken up into the system serves the purposes of life. A gormand is not a healthy eater. And this is one evil of the too common indiscriminate reading—that much of what is read remains an undigested mass; that even more is held only in undistributed scraps, rather than in correlated and usable form. For it is true again, as Lord Bacon has it, that "some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be *chewed and digested*." It is the man of one book whom disputants are taught to fear, not because it is one, but because it is likely to have been made his own. The limitations of



men like Abraham Lincoln, shut out from large acquaintance with general literature, have often proved a substantial gain rather than a loss to them as thinkers. It was the same in early New England days, and as concerned the Puritan youth. And it is the constant study of the Bible, to the exclusion of other books, which renders many sectarians, although narrow, yet formidable, as opponents. It is often exceedingly hard to drive such from their really untenable positions. In a sense, they have made the Scriptures, i. e., language of Scripture, their own. The words, if not their large significance, are on their tongue, and to every argument their ready reply may be, "The Scripture saith." Their merit lies not in their ignorance of the best that other men have said, but in their appropriation of what certain men have said; and specially what holy men of old said, who spoke as they were moved of the Holy Spirit.

The weakness of the present age presses hard upon its strength. The abundance of reading matter defeats itself. Reading is desultory and the mind is stuffed rather than fed. The taste is dulled, and a disrelish acquired for that in literature which is simple. A tickled palate, rather than a well nourished and vigorous mind, becomes the test; and sensation is craved rather than sense. To be enjoyed, thought must be highly seasoned, or sugar-coated, and served in capsules. The power of sustained attention is lost; and with this, mental digestion, assimilation, health and vigor. Concentrated foods have their place, but are not suited for a regular diet. Epigrams are valuable, but the balance of truth cannot be maintained by epigrams. Minds so treated, moreover, cannot use to advantage even the scrappy knowledge they have, and inefficiency is the result. It is a danger threatening the best interests of the world, in whatever direction the eyes are turned; a menace to democratic institutions, for the maintenance of which manliness of thought, as well as purity of life, is essential; a peril to all, but specially to children and youth, in whose immature natures toxic influences are peculiarly destructive. It is a peril to which our public libraries indirectly minister except as they are held under wise and firm control; and judicious constraint is exercised as to the course which reading takes.

The minds of educators, of parents, and guardians, are being awakened to the perils of indiscriminate reading; and it is a hopeful sign. Our librarians are including the direction of reading among their duties. All this is well. But the end is not yet in sight. Other devices besides those already inaugurated must be set in motion, and the point distinctly held in view, until a taste is formed which will instinctively prefer that which is wholesome and uplifting, to that which is merely agreeable, and until characters strong and symmetrical are built up upon foundations of the true, the beautiful and the good.

### Notes.

It is hoped that some of the missionaries to China will arrive in San Francisco in time for the annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions.

Among the missionaries arriving this week on the steamer "China" was the Rev. J. Goforth, whose home is in Canada. He was accompanied by his wife and four children. Their escape from death was a narrow one. When they left their place of work in China their departure was so forced and sudden that Mr. Goforth started with but a pair of Chinese overalls and a shirt. His head is bandaged yet because of the wounds inflicted by the Chinese who attacked them enroute, robbed them, and were about to kill them: yielding, however, finally to the pleadings of the women and children, and allowing them to proceed. Mr. Goforth and two small children were callers at Congregational headquarters on Wednesday, his work having been somewhat under the direction of the American Board, although sent out by the Presbyterians of Canada.

It is not, we think, generally understood how near we are to telegraphic communication with our most distant possessions. Telegraph communication is being made toward Cape Nome from Dawson, to which place lines are pointing from the northern cities of the United States. Nearly 200 miles of cable are already stored in San Francisco or on the way hither. So closely are the ends of the earth being brought together; so steadily is the highway for the messengers of the Prince of Peace being cast up; so rapidly is the glorious consummation of all redeeming agencies approaching. The silver and the gold are the Lord's, and every other treasure of earth or sea or sky, and, as they are needed, he is disclosing them and bringing them and mankind together. The wits of men, too, all their inventive and adaptive faculties, he is control-



ing, in subservience to his great plans. All things are working together for good; the waste places of our globe are being peopled; and the meek are yet to inherit the earth.

Bishop Hamilton of the Methodist Episcopal Church talked to his San Francisco brethren on Monday of the opportunity opening up before this city by the Golden Gate. He is quoted as saying: "San Francisco is a coming capital of a coming kingdom. Just now all the world is looking through your telescope, and they will look upon China through this state. You are going to open up great opportunities for renewing work in that whole Eastern world, and in order to do it you will have to grow. You will have more people. You have the fruit to feed them and you have the cereals, and people are coming here. I have applications enough in my satchel to fill all the appointments. I have had friends say to me, 'Hamilton, I am ready to leave; I will go with you. I would like to come.' There is no opportunity on the continent like the opportunity California has to-day. The great trouble with California has been that California has not been big enough to comprehend the work in the Orient. The trouble has been, you have had narrow views. You always think the Anglo-Saxon is 'it.' I don't think God has 'banked' everything on the Anglo-Saxon."

Two recent utterances, called out by widely different conditions and relating to matters very unlike, are yet of vital significance in the Christian life. The first is a word of President Kruger, written in the early stages of the war, who attributes the successes of the Boer arms to the fact that his "burghers are fighting for their wives, their children and their country," while "those who are fighting against them are looking for medals, Victoria crosses, and a shilling a day." "My burghers," he adds, "are the best soldiers in the world, because they do not receive a penny for their services. They fight with their hearts, and an army of hearts is invincible." The truth of that last remark may perhaps find additional illustration in the superiority of the Boers to their Free State allies. The other word is Prof. Graham Taylor's: that "in the whole evangelical movement we have come to a dead center. We are not keeping pace with the world. There is not enough of reality in our religion in our relations to our fellow-men. There is a demand for social democracy; what is wanted is real brotherhood." And the point to which these utterances tend is that of revival. Organization we have in the church in abundance. What is needed is the *spirit*, the new impulse, the baptism of the Holy Ghost, "a fresh anointing from above." "What's the matter?" a passenger asked when the train had come to a standstill. "Has the water given

out?" "Oh, plenty of water," was the engineer's reply, "but it's na bilin'."

## The Bystander.

In a Gondola.

The Bystander was in a gondola not long since, and he was delighted with his journey around the liquid streets of Venice. The musical dip of the oar, the shout of the gondolier, he with the earrings and the red sash, the dreamy, charming romantic atmosphere of the old city, the music and the cathedrals, the blue Italian sky and the long stretch of the blue Adriatic—all these contributed to an experience never to be forgotten.

"How light we move, how softly—oh, were life but as the gondola." These peculiar looking boats are painted black, and when the cover is up resemble a hearse. They are guided by a single oar resting on a crooked piece of wood near the stern. The bright brass beak on the prow reminds us of the neck and head of a bird. They glide over the waters softly and are more comfortable than a hansom or a carriage. There are no horses in Venice, no carriages, and no blacksmith shop. If a lady wishes to make an afternoon call, she calls a gondola, or, if she wishes to go to the opera, or to church, the gondola takes her.

The evenings in Venice are glorious. The soft, arid, flickering lights, strains of music and rippling laughter combine in making a picture of living splendor. Byron said—

"Silent is the voice of the songless gondolier."

But Byron is not quite correct. The gondolier still sings snatches of remembered tunes, melodies of the older Venice.

The Bystander's gondolier surprised him by dropping now and then an English word, and he discovered that this swarthy son of the lagoons had actually been at the Chicago Exposition and knew far more about it than the Bystander.

### The Streets of Venice.

The narrow lanes, crossing picturesque bridges bent like a bow, are lined with shops filled with dainty bric-a-brac. Some of the streets are only six feet wide. Indeed, the thoroughfares in Venice worthy the name are made of water. What a motley throng of picturesque Italians one sees in these streets. The Bystander went to the Rialto, the public market of the city, to look for Shylock and Antonio, but they were not there. A few vegetable dealers and fisherwomen remained. The commercial glory of Venice has departed. She is no longer the mistress of the Eastern seas. "Westward the course of empire takes its way."

### The Fisherman

Venice was founded 421 B. C. by fishermen, who fled before the barbarians of Aquileia, and—



"Like the water-fowl,  
They built their nests among the ocean waves."

For nearly 1,100 years the colony was ruled by Doges or Dukes—"deep-hearted, majestic, terrible as the sea—the men of Venice moved in sway of power and war; pure as her pillars of alabaster stood her mothers and maidens; from foot to brow all noble walked her knights, the low, bronzed, gleaming of sea-rusted armor shot angrily under their blood-red mantle folds. Fearless, faithful, patient, impenetrable, implacable—every word a fate—sate her Senate."

#### The Bridge of Sighs.

The Bystander looked out of this bridge, partitioned so as to classify and separate the criminals condemned to pass over for the last time. He was impressed with the fact that too much sympathy has been expressed for many imaginary and traditional atrocities perpetrated by the Doges, who were probably not the most just and pious men who have ruled. The Bystander visited the dark dungeons beneath the canal, and saw some of the torture chambers. It was refreshing to come out on the quadrangle of St. Marks and play with the doves, which are the living symbols of innocence and faith. They perch upon your arms and gather around the golden corn you hold in your hand. There seems to be an understanding between the bronze men who strike the mighty clock and these doves, because they fly to a certain window when the clock strikes two, where they are supposed to be fed by a benevolent friend.

#### St. Marks

"And so Barnabas took Mark and sailed unto Cyprus." Such was the beginning of San Marco. The body of St. Mark was stolen from Alexandria and many interesting traditions are related about the event, but the most tangible result is St. Mark's cathedral in Venice. Students of Ruskin are already acquainted with this repository of art, history, religion and traditions. Over the doorways are five mosaics telling the story of the translation of St. Mark from Alexandria, Landing of the Relics, The Last Judgment, The Magistrates of Venice Venerating the Relics of St. Mark, 1728, and The Enshrining of the Relics. The interior of the cathedral is dark, the floor sunken, the ceilings rich with color. The mosaics are too numerous even to mention. It is sufficient to say that they form an epitome and history of the Christian faith. Three types of architecture are included in the cathedral—the Roman, Lombard and Arabic, each standing for a type of religious faith.

#### The Lion.

At the end of the Piazzetta, towards the Grand canal, are two granite pillars. They are called the lion of St. Mark and the pillar of St. Theodore, the saint succeeded by St. Mark. The lion looks defiance at the east. The eye

balls are of rock crystal. Its claws grasp the book. It is made of many pieces, held together by iron cramps. It is the symbol of a power—now departed, leaving the most charming city of Europe sitting by her lagoons watching the star of empire westward make its way.

One of the schools of vice in San Francisco received a setback last week, which it was hoped might prove permanent. The Hoffman House Cafe has long been recognized as a menace to morality. Recently its proprietor was before the Board of Police Commissioners for a renewal of his liquor license. The result was that Mr. Sullivan was informed that, not only his side entrance must be closed, but that the saloon itself must go out of business. "When must this order go into effect?" was the astounded inquiry. "Close your place to-night," was the reply of the Chief of Police. And he did. We are sorry to be obliged to add that, by subsequent action, the embargo on the death-dealing agency was raised, and the man suffered to pursue his destructive work, under additional restrictions. But none the less the first action of the Police Commission was a gratifying testimony to the growing influence of Christian sentiment in civic affairs, and a promise of better things to come. "Hit do move," as Uncle Jasper once remarked.

#### A Child's Sympathy:

A little girl of five or six years, with big blue eyes that were full of tears, came to Bellevue hospital, New York, the other day. She carried a cat in her arms. The cat had been wounded by a street car and one leg was badly mangled.

At the gate the girl told Tom, the big policeman, that the cat was hurt.

"I want a doctor to he'p it," she said.

Tom took her to the receiving ward, where there was a doctor who had nothing else to do.

"Here's a case, Doc," said the policeman.

"I ain't a —" the doctor began. Then he saw the girl's eyes. "Let me see," he continued.

"Pretty bad," was the doctor's comment. Then he got some knives, a little bottle of chloroform and some bandages. "You must help me," he said to the girl.

She aided bravely, though it made her very pale to see the sharp knives amputating the leg. In a few minutes it was all over and the cat was partly recovering from the anesthetic.

"Now you can take your kitty home with you," the doctor said.

"It ain't mine," the girl said. "I dess found it. Now oo take care of it. Dood by." The policeman and doctor made faces at each other, then sent the cat to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—[Leslie's



### The Home.

[A sermon by Rev. George B. Hatch, pastor of the First Congregational church of Berkeley.]

*"What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder"* (Matt. xix: 6).

It takes two to make a home. Two is the least number.

It takes two of the opposite sex to make a home. Two bachelors, or two maidens, can not make a home. For a home is the fusion of the two complementary elements called masculine and feminine. Take either element alone, in any quantity or quality whatsoever, you may make out of it a club, an abiding-place, more or less elegant and graceful, but you cannot make a home.

It takes two who are joined heart and soul, for better, for worse, for time, for eternity, in the sacred union and mystery of marriage, to make a home. It is not enough that the two should be merely wedded. Weddings are often made on earth; in which case, all connected therewith is of the earth, earthy. But a marriage—that mysterious amalgamation of the masculine with the feminine, that heart with heart and soul with soul interblending, which, of twain, makes a new personality—a marriage is always made in heaven and from heaven. A wedding does not always signify a marriage, for sometimes the twain remain two, to the end of the chapter. A wedding, therefore, does not always create a home, for two who are merely wedded may live together under the same roof all their lives long, but will never succeed in making anything better than an abiding place. But when a wedding is at the same time a marriage, then a home is sure to be created.

A home is thus made by two who are not two, but one. It is a composite of the masculine and the feminine. And when God created man in his own image, male and female created he many, so that the home might be created in the earth.

It may be a mere fancy, but I think it is something more than of fancy that "man" is "male and female." Ordinarily, when we say "man," we mean the masculine, but that is because the masculine has become "vain in robbery," arrogating to himself the chief place in the universe. But in the Book of Genesis, it reads "God made man in his own image; male and female created he them"; according to which reading, "man" is not "him," but "them"; not masculine, but masculine and feminine—male and female; so that we have neither the true idea, nor the real value, of "man," save in the plural idea, and in the marriage of twain. "Man" is of compound sex. Neither the masculine nor the feminine is complete. Each completes the other; and only when two are blended in the perfect union of

a genuinely spiritual marriage are the true idea and value of the word "man" realized.

The intent of God in creating "man" is evident. He intended, and it is so written on the first pages of the Bible, that the idea and value of the word "man" should find its realization in the union and co-operation of masculine and feminine. Neither could subdue and develop the earth alone; neither could get on without the other. Marriage and home are two initial necessities in the framework of human achievement. It is only "man" who can produce a happy and fruitful earth, and "man" is the amalgamation of two; not a simple element and force, but a compound. Water illustrates the case. Water is a chemical compound of two. It is neither hydrogen nor oxygen, but compounded of both. Hydrogen is not water. Oxygen is not water. Neither hydrogen nor oxygen can perform the service that water performs. They must be married, according to heaven's laws. Their marriage constitutes water—a substance unlike either constituent, but the resultant from blending together the peculiar properties of both. So, the masculine is not "man," and the feminine is not "man"; nor can either accomplish the work that "man" is given to accomplish in the earth. But when masculine and feminine are married according to heaven's laws, their marriage is the blending of their separate qualities and personalities into the grace and strength of "man"—who only can bring the earth to subjection, and draw from it the wealth and bounty that it hides.

Marriage thus is as natural and necessary in the order of the world as is the combination of the two elements composing water. The world cannot exist without the marriage of hydrogen and oxygen in the laboratory of nature, nor can human society and human happiness exist and develop, except by the marriage into one "man" of the male and the female two.

Whatever tends to discredit marriage in any way ought, therefore, to be severely condemned and strenuously resisted. Marriage is more important than education; the home is more essential than the university. The people that discredit marriage shall presently be accused.

Nothing is more essential than to recognize the difference between the masculine and the feminine, and to know that neither is complete. This difference is often obscured and sometimes denied. I have heard the assertion made, for instance, that there is "no sex in mind." "No sex in mind" is a most astonishing untruth; for, as a matter of fact, if sex does not disclose itself in mental processes, it discloses itself nowhere. The masculine mind and the feminine mind are clearly distinct.



This is not saying that the one is inferior to the other. At their best estate, neither is inferior, and neither is complete. Each has its own peculiar excellence and power, and perfect mentality is obtained in their conjunction.

Educative methods and processes ought to be adjusted to both orders of mind. Our schools should be able to develop into full masculinity the mental powers of the male pupils, and into full femininity the mental powers of the female pupils. Is it scarcely a libel upon the facts in the case to say that this is not done. Personally, I believe in co-education, but it is with great difficulty, and sorely against my deepest convictions that I am able to believe in co-education as it is practiced. I believe in a real co-education, but I do not observe it being carried on. Even in our lower schools, education is largely carried on as though there were indeed "no sex in mind"; while, in our so-called co-educational universities the "co-education" consists in allowing young women to receive such benefits as they may derive from a method of training distinctively and exclusively adapted to the masculine mind. This is a somewhat doubtful benefit; tending most obviously to turn young women into young men, so far as their mental qualities are concerned, tending to wither rather than to develop their own peculiar and invaluable mental qualities. All of us must have remarked this tendency. Sometimes it is resisted, and female students succeed in passing the university without losing femininity; but sometimes it is not resisted, and we have that least to be desired and most anomalous of all products, a masculine woman. But it should not need to be resisted; for a genuine co-education should be provided; and a genuine co-education will not strain the feminine mind toward masculinity, but will afford it free scope and full help toward the development of its own peculiar excellencies and powers.

I am sure that it was no accidental distribution of service to be performed, when to men were given the more strenuous tasks, while to the lot of women fell the seemingly less consequential duties of the home; and I am also sure that it will prove no true benefit to society if this order is essentially changed.

Nothing is more sinister than some of the ideas and customs that are being advocated touching this order. Women are being urged to emancipate themselves from household thralldom, and to enter the wide arena of politics and commerce, where their abilities may find freer play and worthier opportunity. They are actually pressing into this arena in increasing numbers; and it is heralded as a great triumph of justice over prejudice when some woman is admitted to practice at the bar,

or is accorded some other privilege usually reserved for men.

The questions thus raised are not to be solved by any sort of Pecksniffianism, and yet, we may safely assert that nothing in this world is more important than the home, and that no woman is better off or is doing more for society and for civilization than the woman to whom her home is the first consideration.

Let us stick to this, at least. Grant whatever you will respecting the desirability of allowing women the privilege of earning a living in free competition with men and of carving out a name for themselves (if they so desire) upon memorial walls, but do not admit for a moment that the woman who argues a case in court, or who measures ribbons at an insufficient salary in an emporium, or who mixes with all sorts of conditions at all sorts of times as a reporter upon a newspaper, or who performs anything else whatsoever, great or small, of the offices that men also perform—do not admit for a moment that she is any better employed than, preserve it in your mind as a solemn query whether she is so well employed, as the woman who fulfills the wide and sacred obligations and duties of the home.

Current doctrines concerning this matter are having what must be recognized as dangerous results upon our social life. My college class graduated so long ago that I am already an old-timer, and must train hereafter with the "old grads." It were time that all my classmates had homes and families; but twenty years have gone, and not more than fifty per cent of the class have been married.

Two of the unmarried ones were on the steamer with me returning from England—both of them fine, well-conditioned men. Both deprecated the fact of their bachelorhood, and gave explanations, which, like a basket, would hold water more or less. Both agreed that on all accounts men ought to marry if they can do so properly, but that they themselves had been unable. Evidently, neither had tried very hard, but had put other and (to my thinking) far less important considerations first. So, doubtless, have most of the others who compose the remainder of the unmarried fifty per cent of my classmates. They simply have not regarded marriage as of sufficient importance to justify them in assuming the risks and the responsibilities of it. And this is a growing heresy, which, if allowed to spread, will take its full revenge upon our social life.

"It is not good for a man to be alone." That is as true now as it was when the natural order was first established.

In his young manhood one may be content with club life, and think himself all the better off if he have no wife or child to bother him.



But it is not good for him. I have seen old club men; their lives were narrow, cheerless. They seemed like those who say, Who will show us any good?

We read in the newspapers the pathetic endings of such men. Frequently, their wills, upon coming up for probate, are contested—and some secret sin of the former years is dragged forth into the light of garish day. It was not good for them, nor for some whose lives they blighted, to be alone.

In later years, at least, a man, a woman, needs the tender love of children. How lonely and poor some lives are in that they experience no such love! Recently I stood and looked upon the still face of a man to whom I owe some of the best opportunities of my life. His last years had been lonely. No son to stay up his hands; no daughter to warm his heart with love; no prattling grandchildren to bring the circle of life back to its beginning, completing it; no one for whom he greatly cared, or who, with the disinterestedness of pure affection, greatly cared for him. The period of his earthly life was now ended; the years were spent as a tale that is told; the door was shut in the street; and thoughts were of no use; yet, as I looked upon his still face and remembered how few there were who really cared that he was gone, not one whose genuine sorrow could open the fount of sacred tears, to weep for him as Mary wept for Christ, I thought that he had missed the best of life—its warmth, I realized with sadness that his latest years had been bare and comfortless. It is in the natural order that men shall be fathers, that women shall be mothers; if, for any reason, they do not fulfill this law embedded in the constitution of things, then, whether they be to blame or not, the course of life brings upon them the vengeance of its unfulfillment, for they miss the richest experiences, the sweetest joys, the most rewarding responsibilities that life affords.

I stood by the grave of Shakspeare. No one, I should think, could stand there and not have thoughts. His fame fills the world; there is room for his bones here in this narrow space. Each new generation of man weaves fresh laurel wreaths to his memory and crowns him newly as the supreme genius in literature—but can it be he cares for that, or heeds the reverent pilgrims who come in steady procession to this chancel corner where sleeps his dust? You decipher the famous inscription upon his tombstone—

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here;  
Blest be ye man yt spares thes bones  
And curst be he yt moves my bones"—

And wonder what was in his mind when he wrote the lines. Then your eye falls upon the stone lying next to his, and it comes to you

why Shakspeare will not have his dust disturbed. For, the stone lying next to his marks the resting place of Anne Hathaway, for whose sweet sake Shakspeare in his youth walked oftentimes the fragrant mile separating his father's house from her cottage; in his busy and successful manhood, returned, when time permitted, from London to Stratford, that he might be with her; in his later years, his fame secure, came home to stay within the circle of her and their children's love. Now her mortal part sleeps with his, and he will not be separated from her for the sake of any fame. Shakspeare set the right value upon the things that life offers. He knew the value of wealth and fame, and held them cheap in comparison with love. He foresaw that the generations would render homage to his genius, and that world-famous burial-places would contend for the honor of housing his bones; but this knowledge only roused within him the fear of being separated and of lying lonesomely from her to whom his soul clung, and the homage of the generations seemed far less to him than the assurance of being near to her in the resurrection morning. In other words, what Shakspeare valued most—Shakspeare, who knew the meaning of life as no other man excepting Jesus Christ has known it—what Shakspeare valued most was what Jesus valued most, and what any one who wishes it may win—true affection. This is what Shakspeare chiefly sought, and what he won for himself,—as his grave in the midst of his kindred, protected there by the inscription of his wishes in the stone, bears witness. "Though he went forth" (I quote now a sentence from William Winter), "Though he went forth, as the stormy impulses of his nature drove him, into the great world of London, and there laid the firm hand of conquest upon the spoils of wealth and power, he came back at last to the peaceful home of his childhood; he strove to gather up the comforts and the everlasting treasures of love at his own hearthstone; he sought an enduring monument in the hearts of friends and companions; and so he won for his stately sepulchre the garland not alone of glory, but of affection." The latter is a garland whose leaf doth not wither, nor its fragrance fail; and it may be gathered in the humblest fields, and crown with its fadeless beauty the lowliest heads. One may have many thoughts at the grave of Shakspeare; but if he recognizes with what earnest care this world-famed man of celestial genius sought to secure for himself an undisturbed resting-place, side by side with her whom best he loved and in the charmed circle of his home affections, not the least impressive of his thoughts will be those that set a new meaning and a richer value upon those same affections. Glory and wealth may endure for a day, but when the night comes, they depart; but the life of the affections never



dies; age cannot wither it, nor custom stale; though there be no permanence, no lasting satisfaction, elsewhere to be found, yet in the dear affections of the home one shall find an abiding-place, an immortal comfort.

I think it certain that no country can endure except it be a country of homes. If neglect of the divine privilege of the home takes its due revenge upon the guilty individual, it takes an equal revenge upon the guilty nation. Some say that France is a decaying country. This may not be true, though it seems to be. If it be true, one cause of its decay is not far to seek—for France thinks first of dowry, after that of marriage. No French girl of any standing expects marriage unless she is sufficiently dowered to support a husband. An American girl in Paris told me that she had known several instances like the following: A French father had a daughter, also a moderate dowry to bestow with her at her marriage. Selecting a young man of his acquaintance, a student, he said, "Have you seen my daughter?" "No, sir, I have not." "But come up and look her over; she is dowered such and so much, and if you find her and her dowry to your mind, you shall have them both." Very similar to this father is the farmer who says to a buyer, "I have a fine heifer in my barn; come up and look her over; perhaps you will like to own her"—only in the case of the girl, it is the buyer who is bought—bought with the dowry, and the girl thrown in. The young man in the case went up, looked the girl deliberately over, decided the dowry too small to fit the facts, and said no—all in cold blood; the process thereupon being repeated, with other young men, until one was found willing to marry the dowry and put up with the daughter.

No wonder that a country decays whose daughters are thus put to shame for the sake of money! The same anxiety about the dowry continues and controls throughout. It will not do to have a large family, for if there be two daughters, the precious dowry will have to be divided, and may become so small that no husband can be bought for either daughter. So, small families are the rule, both in order that there may be dowry for a possible daughter, and also that the husband who was originally bought with the original dowry may not have to share his prize among so many that he himself will come short of comfortable cash.

One does not like to draw comparisons that may seem invidious, yet it is true that England is far and away a sturdier country than France. We have heard gloomy prophecies of England's approaching dissolution and decay. Those prophecies are not consistent with the truth, for England, and the same is true of Scotland, exhibits the stability and the permanency of a country where fireside and altar are exalted and held supreme above all other

considerations. The difference between France and England in this respect is most painfully evident. Both countries exhibit signs of discontent and instability; but in France the fever is in the blood, it is constitutional, vital; whereas, in England, it is superficial. The constitutional fact is, everything in England makes for the home; in France, for the dowry. Home life, pure and unspotted, is characteristic of England, and doubly so of Scotland. How the love of home breathes forth from Ian Maclaren's books, giving us the very spirit of the land whose tale he tells! The triumph of Doctor Maclure when he saved Saunders from the fever was not merely professional triumph; the power of it lay in the fact that in an hour or two the Doctor was going to wake Saunders' wife and tell her that her husband would not die that time—her home was saved! It was the joy of that thought which caused the Doctor to dance the Highland fling out on the hillside in the gray morning. And everywhere in the book it is the same motive, because everywhere in the land it is the same motive—love of home and church, heart-deep loyalty to fireside and altar.

Such a motive makes for stability and permanence alike in personal character and in country. Everything is done to make the country a *home-land*. And because this is successfully done, and has been done successfully through long ages, England is a land of stability and of strength, and will remain so in spite of prophecy. Her sturdy *hominess* is her charm, and largely the secret of her power. Her children love her tenderly, how far soever they may roam from her side. No matter how far—her heart still beats for them, and theirs for her. Listen to Browning, in Italy, and loving Italy, yet homesick—

"Oh, to be in England now that April's there!  
And whoever wakes in England sees, some morning,  
unaware,

That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf,  
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf;  
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
In England now!"

It is home. That is the word of charm and of power. It is this causes the English to love their Queen, for she is mother first, and Queen afterwards. It is this binds the colonies with the mother-country in closest union. There was a dreadful question and a cold fear in the thoughts of Englishmen not long ago. It had been reiterated that their wide empire was an empire but in name—held together by a rope of sand—and they feared it might be true. But recent events have given the lie to this assertion, and have dispelled this fear. The colonies have shown themselves joined together with one another and all with the mother-country by bonds of life and not of mere self-interest, the rope of sand. For, in all the colonies, near and remote, there is the thought of England as the



home-country, and the sense of being integrally and vitally a part of her and of her life. It is the same sentiment that was expressed in our ministers' meeting last year by a brother from Australia, who said: "In Australia we have a great regard for America, in fact, we love you well; but, in case any trouble should arise between you and Great Britain, we should have to fight you, for we are British, after all." Not until the home love and home life of England have decayed or are destroyed need doubts of her strength and of her stability be entertained. There is her heart. There is the source of her strength. Strike there if you wish to destroy her. But there she is guarded by the shield and sword of God.

"What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." This is the conclusion.

There are tendencies to "put asunder" what God hath joined—strong in our customs and ideas. Let us resist those tendencies. There is need we should. Those tendencies are apparent in our theories of education (as was suggested a while back), and also in our theories of what constitutes a true method of life.

No one who has any moral seriousness or earnestness in him can look upon our numerous domestic tragedies without horror and alarm. Divorce is such an every-day matter that it is a newspaper joke—and so easy and of such good form that people marry with the intention of being divorced, when they please. Club-life, both for men and women, is on the increase. People do not want to be bothered with children—they want their freedom. Women do not want to soil their hands or circumscribe their influence in housekeeping—they want to lay hold upon affairs. We are gradually putting asunder what God hath joined.

Let us resist these tendencies and, in doing so, let us begin at the beginning. We can not cure the divorce evil, for example, except in one way. We must begin at the beginning. We must restore to home love and to home life their dignity and their supremacy. It is because we have undervalued the home that divorce has become so common. We have put other considerations first. We have allowed the lie to pass—that a woman's highest privilege is *not* to be a mother, but something—anything else.

Let us return to exalt the homely virtues. Homely virtues are home virtues. "Husbands, love your wives," and remember that your union with them is that mysteriously sacred union which typifies the union of Christ with his Church, the union of life with life, destiny with destiny. Exalt your homes. Stay there. Build there. Be centered there. Be rooted there. And wives, do not worry over the servant-girl problem and talk

about establishing central kitchens, and so on. It may be there is a kindly providence in this dearth of servant girls. Perhaps the Lord wills that there shall be raised up a new generation of American women who know how to keep house!

And this may have a more fateful meaning than perhaps we have understood; for, the significance of Heaven is in that it is a Home—the marriage of the masculine and the feminine—and if we have not felt the joy of home here, how shall we expect to feel it there?

### Early Missions in the South Pacific.

By Rev. Francis M. Price

There are some facts in connection with missions in the Pacific Islands that the church cannot afford to forget. The story of the preaching of the gospel to the low, ignorant, degraded and imbruted peoples of the sunny isles and the results following should be familiar to every disciple of the Lord Jesus—a story more interesting than the latest novel and infinitely more educating and inspiring.

One hundred years ago the multitudes of this island world were enshrouded in total moral and spiritual darkness, and, untouched by any good influences from without, they lived only to gratify their lowest sensual appetites. The fountain-spring of birth poured forth a stream of humanity which wound its sluggish way through mire and filth and between dismal banks, and lost itself in the unknown sea of the shadowy past. Men, women and children lived in constant practice of vices and crimes, the mere thought of which makes one shudder. Of social joys and domestic sorrows one speaks with a heavy heart. "Their maidens had no marriage song; their widows made no lamentation." And thus generation after generation came and went, each laden with its stories of awful corruption, its bitter struggles in life, its tragic and hopeless deaths. They may not have been worse than other heathen peoples, but, unused to the arts of a semi-civilization, they made no attempt to conceal their vices by a show of outward decency.

A slumbering church seemed strangely indifferent to the condition of the lost island world; but God, whose pity never slumbers, heard the sighs of these lost children of the human race and summoned his people to their deliverance.

To all appearances Captain Cook's voyages were purely scientific, and he wrote that in his opinion "nothing would ever be done to Christianize the Pacific Islanders"; but the publication of his narrative of voyages and discoveries accomplished more than he intended or even dreamed of. The Christian world was profoundly moved by them. They kindled a fire in the heart of Carey that never went out; they led the gifted young John Williams to offer himself for service in the is-



land world; and they had much to do with reviving that missionary spirit which brought our first modern missionary societies into existence.

Thus the islands of the Pacific were largely used of God to quicken the spirit of obedience to our Savior's last command, which has made the last century a marvel of missionary activity. The church had sent thither her sons and daughters before the year 1800. The difficulties rose mountain high; but it is the peculiar delight of faith to overcome difficulties. There was no means of transportation, but the London Missionary Society soon had a ship ready which cost, with equipment, nearly \$60,000, and landed her missionaries on Tahiti in 1797. It was sixteen years before the gospel took hold of these people, but, once native converts were filled with the Spirit, the progress was rapid and the results marvelous. In 1836 Tahiti was said to be one of the most civilized places in the South Seas; but the French priests came, and the result was disaster and ruin.

In 1823 John Williams, the Apostle of the South Seas, went to Raretonga of the Hervey group and remained eleven years. Later he wrote: "When I came away, I was not aware that there was a house in the island where family prayer was not observed every morning and evening." There were then more than 6,000 people attending public worship. The Raretongans have made rapid progress in the arts of civilization and no island of the Pacific has furnished better men and women for evangelistic and missionary work.

John Hunt, a devoted and most successful missionary, went in 1838 to the Fiji Islands. Here were the wildest savages and most cruel people of the world, practicing the most horrible and bloody rites in connection with their religion. Once Mr. Hunt witnessed the strangling of seventeen women against his strongest protest and on another occasion the natives threatened to destroy the mission premises because his wife closed her blinds to shut out the sight of the butchery of eleven men. But with the passing years, horrible heathen customs disappeared before the growing power of "the gospel of Christ," and a few years ago the English Commissioner in charge of that group of 100 islands reported that, out of a population of 120,000, more than 102,000 were regular worshipers in their above 600 churches, and schools were established in 922 towns.

Four years later Messrs. Turner and Nisbet of the L. M. S. began work on Tanna, of the New Hebrides, antedating the beginning of John G. Paton's work by ten years, but although the opening was auspicious, they were compelled to flee before the wild and warlike Tannese, after seven months. They went to Samoa and Mr. Turner assisted in establishing

a self-supporting boarding-school for higher education at Malua on Upolu, whose graduates have gone into many islands as missionaries, some of them suffering martyrdom for the name of the Lord Jesus. This excellent institution, now a college, has recently been removed to Manua in order to be under the American flag.

Mr. Murray, who was a missionary in Polynesia for forty years, went to Tutuila, an island of the Samoan group having a population of about 4,000. His home was at the head of the beautiful Papagogo harbor, where United States ships now swing at anchor. About the year 1838 a revival swept over this island and hundreds of the people turned from their heathen idols and superstitions to the service of the living God. Large churches were built, petty wars ceased, old things passed away and all things became new.

One day Mr. Murray was told that some white men had landed on a distant part of the island and he hastened down to meet them. Approaching the beach he saw a small row-boat putting out for a whaling ship which was "standing off and on" some distance from the shore, and, on the sandy beach, he observed a man and woman with a few boxes of clothing and a barrel or two of bread by their sides.

"Who are you?" he asked. "Mr. and Mrs. Geddie from Nova Scotia," was the reply. "What do you here?" "We have come," said Mr. Geddie, "to preach the gospel to some of these island people." Mr. Geddie and wife had been sent by the Canadian Presbyterians. They had hired the captain of a whaling ship to carry them to the South Seas and put them ashore on one of the islands. They went out not knowing whither they went, but the Master was with them according to his promise, and guided the ship to this island, where they were received with joy by Mr. and Mrs. Murray and forwarded to their field. Mr. Powell of the L. M. S. accompanied them to the island of Aneityum in the New Hebrides, where they successfully labored for many years. When Dr. Geddie died the natives erected a tablet to his memory and on it they inscribed this legend: "When he came hither there were no Christians; when he died there were no heathen."

Mr. Murray saw the more or less complete evangelization of the beautiful island of Tutuila. Last April, after appropriate religious exercises, the American flag was hoisted at Papagogo, amid the rejoicing of the people and the booming of cannon from American and German warships, and the island of Tutuila is now United States territory. Mr. Benjamin Tilly, the first governor of American Samoa, writing of this island and the Manua group, which also belongs to the United States, after recounting what missionaries



had done for the island, says: "And yet many people scoff at the work of missionaries. I say, without hesitation, that they have done a wonderful and noble work among the natives of the South Seas and through God's help have practically converted the whole of the Samoans. Through their faithful service the islands are now prepared to take advantage of good government and will advance wonderfully in civilization in the next few years."

We cannot fail to notice Erromanga. On November 30th, 1839, John Williams and Mr. Harris landed on this island of the New Hebrides and were at once clubbed to death. Later, in 1857, Rev. Geo. N. Gordon of Nova Scotia again attempted to plant the gospel on that island, but after a residence of three years he and his wife were murdered; still later Mr. Gordon's younger brother bravely went thither, in 1864, but after eight years of service the tomahawk of an angry native laid him low. The mantle of these martyrs has fallen on another brave man, the Rev. Hugh A. Robinson, who now has a church on Erromanga of 190 members and thirty-three evangelists. A short time ago a monument was erected on this martyr island to John Williams, a son of his murderer laying the corner-stone.

The work of evangelization in these islands has been rapid as compared with similar work in other lands, but much remains to be done and there is still a call to the young men in our churches to plant the standard of the Cross in dangerous and isolated places. The wild tribes of the Southern Philippines are as ignorant of the gospel as they were three hundred and eighty years ago, when Magellan first discovered Mindanao; and there is a field, under our Stars and Stripes, to call forth the best talent, to fire the most sluggish heart with zeal, and to engage the strongest faith in a work peculiarly and providentially laid upon the Christian churches of America.

698 Thirty-fifth street, Oakland, Cal.

## Notes on a Trip to the Mother Country.

### IV. The Tuppence.

By Prof. Frank H. Foster.

I use this term in a broad sense, to include the thruppence and even the sixpence, and as meaning the small fee which in England seems everywhere expected. You go to a railroad station with a bag in your cab, and a porter takes it out for you and carries it to the railway carriage and puts it in your compartment, for which he expects a small fee, say thruppence. You go to a church, as we did in Wakefield, and appear anxious to get in, and soon somebody will appear and show you about—for a fee. On this particular occasion it was a very solid looking verger, who was very polite and very painstaking. When we had got through and seen everything, I was

in much perplexity. We had been about it near half an hour. How much should I give him? I was green in such things, and determined on an experiment and gave him sixpence (twelve cents), fearing almost he might superciliously put out his hand and say "Thrippence more, please!" as many a one has done to some equally green American. But no! He seemed quite pleased and, meeting us later as we were mounting to leave the place, he touched his hat cordially. It was evidently enough!

Sometimes it looks a little small. In London I was paying a small bill at a hotel for a breakfast, and was gently reminded, "The waiter, sir," as I seemed about to forget it; but tuppence (four cents) was enough for him. "Boots" wants thruppence for cleaning your boots; and your chambermaid when you stop all night will be glad of sixpence. The fee for entering such a place as Burns' cottage will be tuppence; and every cathedral in the land expects sixpence of you if you enter the choir.

There are some arguments for it. The fee system makes the servant in question *your* servant for the time being, of whom you can ask some little thing, perhaps out of the ordinary line, without conscientious qualms. You want an old rag to polish your wheel a little more, and Boots, who has rubbed it already, will gladly get the cloth, and apply it, too, for he understands he's to be paid before you go. When they don't usually get anything and don't expect anything from you, English servants can be as independent as any American. I came one morning early to Burns' monument, the fee to visit which is "tuppence." The custodian answered the bell at the churchyard gate, but he would not open the gate, for it was before the time. I tried sarcasm. I informed him that we had just been turned away from the cottage for the same reason, that we should *never* be there again, and that the great Scotch people were about to lose forever, by my companion's and my failure to see these places, the whole of *eight pence*! It didn't move him! "It makes no difference to us! We don't get nothing by it," was his answer. My chum said, "He wants a fee for himself. Give him sixpence and we'll get in." But, for once, I agreed with the authorities. I thought a view of the monument was worth *just* tuppence, and refused to give more.

You are surprised at some of the demands made on you for the fee. Mr. Gladstone asked a sixpence to see the old castle at Hawarden. But, then, he probably had to keep an extra servant to look out for it. The Earl of Warwick makes a regular revenue out of his castle, asking a shilling admission. He tries, however, to give you his money's worth, for he opens several of the rooms, furnishes a guide to go through them, and explicitly forbids fees. Every little church which can get



up an excuse for it—some old or quaint or fine thing to see, the necessity of restoration and no money for it, etc., etc.—asks a fee for entering it. We had almost expected that the Queen herself would try to make something out of us; but Windsor Castle can be seen absolutely *gratis*. Crypts, shanties, monuments, etc., are all irresistible temptations to charge a sixpence.

Once, however—nay! twice—a fee was refused, and both times in plain, honest old Scotland. One was at the Free Church College (theological) in Edinburgh, where Ian MacLaren, Stalker, Drummond, Geo. Adam Smith and others like them were educated. A very fine young fellow showed us everything, and then positively declined to take anything “as I was, so to speak, in the same line myself.” And on the shores of Loch Oich, I asked a good woman for some water. She proposed milk as a little better, and when my friend and I had made away with more than a quart, refused payment. “Well,” said I, “I want to give you a little something, and if you don’t want to keep it yourself, then put it in the missionary box on the Sabbath,” and I put a sixpence in her hand. Her face lighted up when I mentioned the missionary box, and she replied: “Thank you! And glad enough to get it, for I am one of those that think much of such things.”

#### A Reply to J. A. Hankey.

Editor of The Pacific: In answer to your contributor, J. A. Hankey, in your issue of July 26th, permit me to say: I do not claim to be the “discoverer” of the truth that the second coming of Christ is a past event. I do not know that it has any “discoverer.” Dean Farrar tells us that according to the common idea the Spanish Jesuit Alcazar was the founder of the Preterist school of interpretation, and he wrote nearly three hundred years ago. The Preterist school are those who believe that the events stated in the book of Revelation have taken place, which involves a past parousia, and Farrar says that this school of Apocalyptic exposition “unites the suffrages of the most learned commentators in Germany, France and England.” But it is certain that John the Divine was himself the founder of this school, for he says that the events he writes about “must shortly come to pass.” So if there is a “discoverer,” John must be that man.

I received my first impressions in regard to the matter from a good Methodist book which has the endorsement of the whole Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, viz., “Biblical Hermeneutics,” by Milton S. Terrv, D.D. (New York Book Concern, 1883). He says: “The Son of Man came in heavenly power to supplant Judaism by a

better covenant. \* \* \* and that parousia dates from the fall of Judaism and its temple” (page 447, and also page 450).

In pursuing the study of the subject I found that Dean Farrar, in his “Early Days of Christianity” (1881), held the same views, and then that numerous other writers concurred.

Mr. Hankey wonders why the church fathers did not allude to this wonderful event, and seems to think that their silence is an unanswerable argument against my position. But Eusebius does allude to the Lord’s prophecy concerning the destruction of Jerusalem and quotes Josephus to prove its fulfillment, as your contributor will see by reading Book I of his history. Eusebius seems, however, to have something the same idea of the Lord’s great eschatological discourse as that held by such people as Friend Hankey, viz., that two events were predicted; but a close study of the original by an unprejudiced mind will show this to be a fallacy.

But there is an answer to this argument *a silentio* on the part of the Fathers. They did not write of the wonderful phenomena spoken of by Christ and Peter for the same reason that no Jewish or Gentile writer, Ezra, nor the Gemarists, nor Herodotus, nor Berossus, nor Manetho ever wrote of the shaking of the heavens and the removal of the earth out of her place, at the overthrow of Babylon; nor the melting of the hills, the burning of the earth “yea of the world and all that dwell therein at the overthrow of Nineveh; of the rolling of the heavens together as a scroll and the fading away of all the host of heaven, as a falling leaf of the fig-tree when Bozrah was destroyed, the riding of the Lord into Egypt on a cloud, the moving of all the idols of that land, and the melting of its heart in the midst of it; the making dark of all the bright lights of heaven and the setting of darkness on the land of Egypt when Pharaoh was punished in Ezekiel’s day; nor the coming of the Lord in several instances, nor a score of other wonderful occurrences which the writers of the Old Testament assert took place hundreds of years before the first coming of Christ; and that reason was because *these phenomena were never seen as actual physical events, and could not, therefore, be literally described*; but were descriptions of changes in the social, political and religious affairs of the cities and nations alluded to.

Now, possessed by the fallacious idea held by a good many well-meaning people since their time, that there would be a real trumpet blown, a vocal shout heard, a visible throne seen, an actual destruction of the world witnessed, at the second coming of Christ, these church fathers were unable to believe that the parousia had already taken place and so relegated it to a future period.

But all this and the publicity of the second



advent, etc., I fully discuss in my book, and refer Friend Hankey to its pages for a full explanation of these matters.

As to the transfiguration and the assertion of Mr. H. that he believes that Matt. xvi: 28, "was entirely fulfilled in this vision"; we wonder how one who seems to believe that the coming of Christ in his kingdom means angels and trumpets and, a throne and the visible resurrection of the dead and melting elements can find all this fulfilled in that quiet scene on Mt. Hermon. The very form of expression which Christ uses, "There be some standing here which shall not taste of death," etc. shows that the event to which He alludes was not to take place within a few months or even a few years, much less within a few days. The very construction of the sentence shows that not *all* would live to see the event spoken of; that not even *many* would do so, but that *some* would. But quite certainly all who heard Him speak lived a week, and so the transfiguration in time or character is not adequate to the event Christ refers to.

No! We do not count ourselves among the scoffers who should come in *the last days*, because Peter intimates in his first epistle that he and his readers lived in the "last times," and we are sure we were never a contemporary of Peter. Besides, Peter, in the very chapter wherein he mentions the "scoffers," alludes to them as living at that very time; for he says: "For this they willfully forget," (R. V.) *lanthanei*, present tense, and not future, as it would be had Peter been speaking of some who were to appear in the future. Then James tells us of the rich men of his own time, "Ye have laid up your treasure in the last days." So James lived in the last days, and we are also certain that we were never the contemporary of James. We, therefore, do not count ourselves among Peter's "scoffers," neither do we desire to be counted among those who scoff at writers who are endeavoring to give a satisfactory interpretation to the words of Christ and His apostles, the erroneous interpretation of which has caused some to lose all faith in the New Testament writings.

The day of the Lord was not to come as a thief in the night, because *unexpectedly*. It was *expected*, and that soon, by all the apostles. But it was to come as a thief in the night because it was to come *obscurely*. As the thief takes the night time to commit his theft, because it is 'dark,' so the Lord was to come in the clouds because His coming was to be in the obscurity of spiritual revelation and not in the plainness of a bodily physical presentment. Like the lightning flash in its publicity, so that *every* eye should perceive it to be His coming, yet wrapped in clouds because it was to be the approach of an invisible King in His invisible kingdom to judge the guilty Jewish

nation, as Judaism visibly departed and Christianity was *invisibly* established.

That *obscurity* was the thought in the thief illustration should be obvious to the most obtuse from the words of Paul: "But ye brethren are not in *darkness* that that day should overtake you as a thief," etc. And here it is positive that the apostle believed his readers were the very ones who were to be living in the day of the Lord.

No, "Friend Urmy and others of his faith," do not belong to the class who have erred, teaching that the resurrection is already past. We believe that the resurrection is *now proceeding*. Scholars tell us that the precise meaning of the expression "the resurrection is past already" is by no means clearly ascertained; but the supposition is that because of the immense difficulties surrounding the doctrine of the resurrection of the physical body, and the disposition to magnify the value of the soul, these men, Hymanaeus and Philetus, attributed all the teaching concerning the resurrection to the spiritual life the believer enjoys in Christ. (See Art. Hymenaeus in McClintock and Strong's Cyclopaedia). These men did not teach that the resurrection of the body had passed. Also, they lived before the parousia, at which event the resurrection of all the sleeping saints did take place, as an *invisible process*, and we live after the parousia, and so are not to be classed with those heretics; though we do teach that Christ, according to His own words, "did raise up his believing ones at the 'last day,'" that is the last day of the Jewish age.

As to the "times of the Gentiles" we show in our book that this was the three years and a half of the "forty and two months" of Rev. xi: 2. It has no reference to the "fullness of the Gentiles" mentioned by Paul in Rom. xi: 25.

Will not Mr. Hankey kindly read "Christ Came Again," before he further criticises its teachings? We will sell him a copy reasonably.

W. S. Urmy.

San Francisco, Aug. 4, 1900.

North Carolina has followed the lead of Louisiana and several other Southern States in passing a law of practical disfranchisement of the negroes. It provides for the suffrage upon an educational basis, but expressly excepts from the operation of the law white men whose fathers or grandfathers possessed the ballot. Eighty thousand negroes will be disfranchised thereby. It is class legislation in the worst form. Nevertheless, the constitutional amendment embodying this injustice was adopted by a majority of 58,000. The negroes, it is said, "took no interest in the campaign!" Well! well!



## Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

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Home Secretary.....	Mrs. W. J. Wilcox
	576 East Fourteenth Street, Oakland.
Treasurer.....	Young Ladies' Branch
	Miss Grace Goodhue, 1722 Geary Street.

### Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will be held in the First church, San Francisco, corner Post and Mason streets, September 5th—Wednesday—beginning at ten o'clock a. m. and continuing through the day. Lunch will be served at the church, for which a charge of fifteen cents will be made, except to missionaries and delegates from the interior. A fine program has been prepared, consisting of the annual reports, including a ten years' review by the President, Mrs. H. E. Jewett, and missionary addresses by Miss M. J. Denton of Kyoto, Japan; Dr. and Mrs. A. P. Peck of Pang Chuang, China; Dr. A. J. Whitney of Foochow; Rev. and Mrs. F. M. Price of Micronesia, and Rev. Walter Frear. A delegates' meeting will be held on Tuesday, September 4th, at the church, San Francisco. The various Branch reports will be given at this meeting, and also auxiliary reports. A general conference as to ways and means will be held, and plans for the future will be discussed.

### To the Auxiliaries.

Be sure and see that you are each represented at this annual meeting, by individuals, if possible, sending a good, large delegation. If you are far away, combine and pay the expenses of one delegate—if that is impossible send a written report. Remember that your money must be in before the first of September. Send a generous contribution, making sure that you reach the assignment sent you by our Home Secretaries. Then the "Twentieth Century Fund" aims to secure for the present, imperative needs of the American Board work all extra monies possible, to the amount of one hundred twenties, which means two thousand extra dollars. A part of this is already pledged—the first payment made to this fund through Mrs. Dodge, was a ten-dollar gold piece from a returned missionary. Let us continue the payment of the regular funds, and the extra gold pieces, till the treasury the first of September is full to overflowing. There never was such need as now. We in our comfortable homes, with our luxuries—can we not spare from our abundance? Our gospel and our Christ have proved an in-

spiration through terrible scenes of fire and flood in other lands; shall we not be inspired to some little self-denial, some sacrifice for His dear sake?

## The Sunday-School.

Notes by Rev. Burton T. Palmer.

### The Good Samaritan. (Luke x: 25-37.)

LESSON XI. September 9, 1900.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"*Love thy neighbor as thyself.*" (Lev. xix: 18.)

#### Introduction.

Time: November or December, A. D. 29. After the mission of the seventy.

Place: Somewhere in Perea.

Connection: Strange things had occurred while the seventy were on their tour. Their return and rejoicing were also likely to attract attention. Immediately following that, Christ had prayed, and perhaps in public: "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou didst hide these things from the wise and understanding, and didst reveal them unto babes." If one of the "wise and understanding" theological lawyers in a Perea town heard that prayer, and knew of the disciples' successes, it would not please him. His own standing with the common people would be jeopardized unless he could belittle Christ's influence. Dialectics was his weapon and he drew it against Christ. But the dialogue lasted only a minute or two till Jesus found a wonderful theme on which to give a lesson to them all—"Who is my neighbor?"

#### Lesson Notes.

V. 25. "Tempted," in the sense of tested. "What shall I do?" etc. When a man "stood up," as for formal debate, and asked such a question as a test, it did not mean that he was seeking salvation, but simply that he was studying Christ's method.

V. 27. This summary of the Law of Moses was current with the rabbis. The lawyer doubtless had recited it many times.

V. 28. "This do." As usual, Christ turned the thought back from theory to conduct; he does it again in the last verse of our lesson.

V. 29. "Who is my neighbor?" The term had been interpreted variously among Jewish lawyers; if Christ were to give a narrow enough interpretation of it, the man probably stood ready to say "All this have I done."

Vs. 30-35. This parable of the Good Samaritan is too simple, too perfect and too well known to require critical comment to make the story clear to even little children. If this impromptu composition were the only one preserved as Christ uttered it, it would stamp its author as a literary genius. In less than two hundred words he tells a story involving six or seven characters and showing conduct



suiting to them each, and by that little story makes a man who does not want to see it see the truth and own it, that whosoever he can help must be his neighbor.

In studying this parable the student should keep in mind which one of the lawyer's two questions Christ is answering. It has too often been interpreted as though he were answering the earlier question—"What shall you do to inherit eternal life? Why, be a good Samaritan." No, that is not enough and Christ never said it was. If a man is to save himself by good works, as this lawyer presumed, he must do the whole law, must keep both tables of it, and must keep both tables, not simply in the literal sense, but in the spiritual sense also, as shown in the Sermon on the Mount. The question of the "Neighbor" concerned the second table only, showing the limits or rather the lack of limits to which that portion of the law extended.

Vs. 36, 37. "Which?" "He that shewed mercy." Jesus made even the Pharisee declare that Samaritans and Jews could be neighbors.

#### Reflections.

It is easy to learn the law but hard to live it.

With Christ's interpretation of Moses' law, nothing less than love can be the fulfilling of it.

Good works do not save men, but saved men do good works.

### Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

#### Our Simple Duty (Luke xvii:7-10).

Topic for September 9th.

It is quite possible that the bubonic plague did not visit the Pacific Coast. But there is a plague that has overrun the whole country. It is the craze for novelty. It is not the healthy ambition for progress and improvement, but the inability of appreciating what we have and enjoying the modest gains we do make. Unless we can have the unique and the startling, life is dull. We are in a fever of search. Our pulse is throbbing for something unheard-of. It frets us to be tame. We demand striking effects. We expect it in our food, our clothing, our houses, our furniture, our equipage, our literature and our personal manners. The physician must have some special system of treatment if he is to attract patrons. The school and college must advertise peculiar attractions to hold their own. Even the pulpit appears to be driven to advertise novelties. The theology that shocks is the most talked about. The biblical interpretation that plays havoc with former views arouses the largest interest for the time. So far has this disease taken possession of the circulation, that it

would not trouble many people so much to be told they had transgressed the ten commandments as to be charged with not being "up-to-date."

\* \* \*

It seems almost cruel to ask a generation with such a fever to think about "simple duty." It appears quite as provoking as to stop the morning express train that is carrying five hundred business men to the stock exchange, and call their attention to a hot box.

Those of us who received our ideals of Christian life under conditions of less pressure can hardly realize the difficulties which meet the young Christian of to-day in fixing his conception of truth and daily habit. This age of novelties, not to say of grotesque effects, is exceedingly interesting, but not assuring. With so much noise of crumbling ideals and tumbling beliefs and reconstructed Scripture, the maturing mind finds itself in the midst of not a little confusion. The young man of today is presented with so many designs and elevations of the "coming creed" and "theology of the future" and the "Christianity of the twentieth century," that it is not surprising when he declines to engage his religious quarters at present.

\* \* \*

Meantime, amid this clatter of the removal of the debris of the old and the erection of the novel, it might be quieting as well as helpful to pay more attention to "simple duty." And one of the first considerations is to have clear ideas of what Christian duty is. All men have an idea of duty. The thief has a feeling of obligation. The nearest man recognizes and responds to the pressure of duties he must do in order to feel right and to think of himself as it is pleasant for him to do. But multitudes of men prefer to construct their own outlines of duty. They manufacture their own standards. They live by their own measure. Every man who does that is careful not to place his mark too high. He puts it where he can reach it without too much effort. He believes in what he likes to do. Duty to him is a garment cut to fit his size and shape.

\* \* \*

But simple duty to a Christian is duty according to the standard Christ has given. It is like the builder who receives his plans and specifications from the architect and carefully follows the figures and the measurements therein. These cuts and drawings make it plain what the designer wishes the builder to do and the results he desires him to present when he is through.

It would aid all of us Endeavorers if we would would go to work faithfully on the plans of our great Architect, and let some of these novel and flashy designs of men alone. There is a great deal that is puzzling in what is being said about "the new faith" and the



"religion for the day." It would not be strange if some of us should find ourselves in the predicament spoken of by Isaiah: "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." It is a delightful experience to find one's self with Christian life enough to meet all the requirements of our being.

\* \* \*

Paul was ready for simple duty when he made that mighty change and said: "What wilt thou have me to do?" In his case it was first to learn, then to wait, then to work. He was led by the hand; he was instructed by Ananias; he was taken into Arabia; and he began his testimony among his acquaintances. That was the life of simple duty that Paul led, and it carried him into the position of assurance, of service and of great power. This is the lesson for our day. It is our preventive against the contagion of the craze for novelty. The plans of Christ are in the hands of every one who would build for him. We have only to study, to construct, to beautify and to follow with care the lines and measurements he has left. Then shall we at last present to him the completed edifice for which he has planned and the structure he desires.

## Literature.

### Book Reviews.

"History of the Christian Church," John F. Hurst, D. D., L. L. D. The publication of the second volume of this history gives to the public what seems to us the most valuable work on church history extant. More than two years ago we commended the first volume to our readers. And now that the work has been completed we wish it might find place not only in the library of every minister, but in thousands of other homes. Ministers and laymen have as a general thing too little an acquaintance with church history. These two volumes of almost a thousand pages each can be had postpaid for \$2.50 per volume. This last volume begins with the modern church in the 13th century and closes with a forecast of the American church in the 20th century. In this concluding chapter it is said that the church will organize its forces for more aggressive work, that the thought is taking possession of the church that it exists not for itself but for the world. And more and more will the church learn that the spiritual needs of men should not be divorced from ministers to their varied life. (Eaton & Mains, New York. Also Methodist Book Concern, 1037 Market Street, San Francisco.)

"While Sewing Sandals." By Emma R. Clough. These stories of a Telegu Pariah tribe in India show the search for truth among a people sitting in the darkness of a land with-

out the gospel. The search ended as all such searches must end sometimes, somewhere, in a knowledge of Him who alone can give life and give it abundantly. Among those whose yearnings and searchings are beautifully pathetically described was one whose search for truth had led him into one of the sects in India which taught that there is one God and that He is spirit, that He has created all things and pervades all things. He was glad when he was taught this, but nothing after all satisfied his soul till he heard of Jesus Christ. In this volume we have one of the most interesting narratives of the wonders of modern missions. It seems at times almost like fiction; but it is history, as fascinating in some of its chapters as some of the most fascinating fiction. F. H. Revell Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

"Evolution of Trinitarianism." By Levi Leonard Paine, Professor of Ecclesiastic History in Bangor Theological Seminary. No one can read this recent volume without intense interest, and the conclusion that much research and scholarship have been brought to its production. But with most people the judgment will be that it is too far advanced in liberal positions to gain the sanction of many of even the most liberal among our theologians. As an advocate of the new theology the author discards at once what he terms "the old theological assumption that a miraculous revelation was communicated directly by God to a few specially inspired prophets, and by them or others inspired like them, incorporated in a book." There is no valid evidence, he says, of such a divine precedence, "and it is moreover in violation of all God's other methods of communicating with men." Man's moral consciousness is said to be the only direct and ultimate avenue of moral light and inspiration from God. Throughout reason is enthroned and to this all appeal is ultimately made. Applying criticism to the Bible narrative of the opening chapters of the gospel by Matthew and Luke are discredited, and the account of the angels announcing by songs to shepherds the birth of Jesus, that of the magi and the star in the East, the massacre of the children and the flight into Egypt, are declared to be without historical basis. Trinitarianism is traced from its earliest inception down through Athanasianism, and Augustinianism to the present, when it is said to be "passing through a critical phase in its history." If Professor Paine is not already a Unitarian he stands very near the border line of that belief. Evidently he finds very little to distinguish between what he regards as present-day Trinitarianism and Unitarianism. Persons caring to pursue this line of study cannot fail to find the book an interesting and valuable one. None who do their own thinking will be misled by it. The sixteen chapters along with



the appendix of 70 pages on the Johannine problem will serve to show what questions are pressing to the front for decision among the churches. Professor Paine is only one of many who are asserting that the old theology is utterly wrong in its method of procedure, that it is accordingly tottering toward its destruction and that in its place must come one which will satisfy the intellectual spirit. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; pages 381; \$2.

"Work and Play." In these talks to college students, by John E. Bradley, Ph.D., LL.D., for more than thirty years president of Illinois College, we have a valuable book for young people. The talks contain just such thoughts as will be helpful and inspiring to young folks both in and out of college. He <sup>recommends</sup> this book and acts accordingly will lay good foundations for life and find enrollment among that enduring aristocracy—the aristocracy of character. Pilgrim Press, Boston, pp. 208; \$1.

"The Problem of Final Destiny." By William B. Brown, D. D., pastor-emeritus of First Congregational church, Newark, N. J. This is one of the most earnest and thorough studies of the question of final destiny ever made. It is worthy of commendation even on the part of all who do not agree with the author in his positions. He believes that such influences will be brought to bear either here or hereafter as will result in bringing nearly all souls into loving relations with God. He thinks that it may be and probably will be that some will so give themselves to simple indulgences as to become irredeemable. "What, then," the author asks, "if such beings exist, would they do and be?" He answers: "They would still have their reward. What they would desire above all else is animal, sensual, selfish gratification; and this they would be permitted to enjoy. Such low spirits would group together in some dark corner of the universe and find such enjoyment as they might and could obtain. Their punishment would, as Augustine and other of the early Fathers held (as already quoted), consist, not so much in conscious misery, as in loss of being and of high enjoyment. And yet, what they have they want, and would exchange for nothing higher out of their own line of selfish loves. Will not such an existence at last wear out and cease to be? Possibly. Does God hate such souls? Is He angry at them? Are they objects of His wrath? No. God is love. He pities them, and would do them infinite good if they would let Him, but they will not. Their existence cannot be called an unmitigated curse, for they enjoy it. But it is eternal penalty because of eternal separation from God and from spiritual good, and so is eternal loss, all the result of violated moral law, which in-

self is alienation from God and spiritual death." In the attempt to reach a conclusion Dr. Brown has made a thorough study of many of the great theological subjects. There are chapters on the personality of God, his triunity, honor, justice and love, on the double nature of man, sin and atonement, etc. Thomas Whitaker, New York, pp. 319; \$1.50.

## Home Circle.

### The Ideal Home.

Somewhere Harriet Beecher Stowe has said that the two essentials of the true home are "love and liberty." Every home-maker who would be successful in the work of organizing and establishing a real home must accept Mrs. Stowe's assertion as authoritative; nothing truer and surer on the subject has ever been said. One may have a house with every perfection that ample means make possible or a dwelling of the humblest kind; but neither one is that spot to which the head turns longingly, unless heart's purest love reigns in both. One may have a home which is a systematized whole, where the machinery is always out of sight, as it should be; but, if there is not also absolute freedom from enslaving conventionalities and foolish restraints, it is the irksomest spot on earth.

In fact, home-keeping and home-making require a stock on hand of some very old-fashioned virtues on the part of both husband and wife; and, without them, any amount of domestic training for the woman and business sense and success for the man will avail little in creating an ideal home. The wife and mother must ever remember that she is probably engaged in the noblest work brought to human hands—at any rate, in the work she elected to follow. However tempted, she must not feel, as a certain college-bred woman confessed to feeling, that the time given to manual labor in the home and to the supervision of children is wasted time and such work drudgery. This mental attitude is the spot within the garnered fruit that, "rotting inward," slowly spoils it all; for, with the right mental attitude, all work is play. If there is one regret for the higher education of woman, it is that her training, if she is not blessed with saving common sense, often leads her to this view of the duties of wife and mother. The woman is ordained by nature as leader in the home; and the man, if the relation between the two be the right one, will never shirk his part as helper.

It is impossible to conceive of an ideal home without a perfect and explicit understanding between husband and wife as to its aims. There is nothing surer of destroying the "dear togetherness" of the two than a difference of opinion on this point. Better, a great deal, to have the ideal somewhat lowered than not



to have perfect unanimity of desire and endeavor between the homemakers. There is but one thing that neither should ever yield to the other in and that is in spending more money than is earned. The agony resulting from living beyond one's means justifies either the wife or husband in using severe measures to prevent it. Every wife has a right to know what her husband earns; and she will be a very unwise woman unless she regulates her expenditures according to his income. This may require—indeed, it does require—that perfect independence of action and opinion which, Emerson says, it is commonly believed that the rich man alone can afford. But the seer hastens to explain that the rich man, in the true sense, is he whose outlay is less than his income, and is steadily kept so. It takes a woman of much resolution and decision never to be surprised or persuaded into unwise expenditures for herself, her household and her children. Denying the children what they desire is perhaps hardest of all; but there can be no tranquillity in the mind of the house-keeper, or in the home itself, unless the man and woman are both heroic enough to do all this, and to keep happy and contented as well. It takes a little practice to become accustomed to doing without things; but, the habit once acquired, it becomes a pleasure to disregard the dictates of fashion and society, and to march to one's own drummer, as Thoreau would say. It is needless to add that economy and carefulness in spending money do not necessitate either ugliness or cheapness in attire or household goods. Beauty is not always costly; and it is the truest economy to buy what is not alone beautiful, but what is the best of its kind, provided the kind is what the purse can afford.

If there is no tranquillity in the ideal home without domestic economy, there can be also no good temper and happiness without the thrift that ends in saving. It is not alone necessary to spend no more than your income; it is equally obligatory to save a portion of it for future emergencies. The man who has not the fortitude to avoid consuming every year all his earnings of the year does not deserve an ideal home. To be solvent, a man should have sufficient earnings saved and invested to meet the inevitable rainy day which comes in one form or another to every individual and every family. To be honorable in his marriage vows a man should have provision made, in the form of a life insurance for the support of his wife and family, should death suddenly overtake him.

Love, liberty, unselfishness, independence of act and opinion, economy, and thrift must enter into the formation of every real home. But they are only the elemental laws of home-keeping—the foundation on which the home and "the house beautiful" are erected; but

by themselves, uncompounded and free, they would never constitute a home, except of a very primitive kind, where all things would necessarily be of the rawest and crudest nature. What availeth every possible virtue of disposition and character, if one is no wiser in household matters than David Copperfield's child-wife, Dora, whose appearance in a shop was a signal for the damaged goods to be brought out immediately? Tough meat, watery lobsters, sour bread, and poor coffee, irregularity in the meals, and general household disorder are afflictions that the most angelic dispositions bend and growl under. In fact, so dependent on nice conditions is the ideal home that often no more blameworthy defect than disorderliness will utterly destroy the happiness of its inmates, even when no other essential is lacking. Disorder is Bohemian; and it suggests restlessness, a dislike of the harness of life—all which is unforgivable in a housewife.

Let the home-keeper, if "she would be full-summed in all her powers," be trained to her duties, as is any person devoting himself or herself seriously to a particular branch of a profession, science, or art. May it not then follow that the ideal and practical organization of a home, being better understood, will be more generally adopted? At any rate, if we exploit the essentials of ideal home-keeping more and marital failures less, a blessed result will abide.—M. A. Morehouse in *Christian Register*.

#### Delivering His Father's Prayers.

One hard winter, when sickness came to the poorly paid pastor of a certain New England church, his flock determined to meet at his house and offer prayer for the speedy recovery of the sick ones and for material blessings upon the pastor's family. While one of the deacons was offering a fervent prayer for blessings upon the pastor's household, there was a loud knock at the door. When the door was opened, a stout farmer boy was seen. "What do you want, boy?" asked one of the elders. "I've brought pa's prayers," replied the boy. "Brought your pa's prayers? What do you mean?" "Yep, brought his prayers, an' they're out here in the wagon. Just help me an' we'll get 'em in." Investigation disclosed the fact that "pa's prayers" consisted of potatoes, flour, bacon, corn-meal, turnips, apples, warm clothing, and a lot of jellies for the sick ones. The prayer meeting adjourned in short order.

To know how to listen is a great art; it is to know how to gain knowledge and instruction from every one.

The man who is determined to do as he pleases is lost; the man who seeks to do God's will is saved.



## Our Boys and Girls.

### King Ptolemy's Lighthouse.

The Pharos of Alexandria.

One morning, a messenger in great haste rushed into the newly finished palace of Ptolemy Soter at Alexandria. He was bareheaded, there was a great rent in his linen tunic, and he had on only one sandal. King Ptolemy, who was walking with his officers in the great court, on the walls of which Greek artists had recorded in gorgeous colors the battles of his master Alexander, looked at the man with surprise. "Who are you?" he asked.

"I am Archelaus of Cyrene," answered the stranger. "I was the captain of a Greek ship loaded with silphium, and was intending to carry back a cargo of wheat. Last night as I was entering the harbor in the darkness, my vessel ran upon a rock and was lost. I alone escaped alive. O king, I am a ruined man."

The king turned to one of his officers, a young, graceful Greek, who wore a scarlet cloak upon his shoulders. "Demetrius, how long has it been since the Cyprian merchant lost two ships as they were coming into the harbor?"

"Six months, O king," answered he of the scarlet cloak, without hesitation.

"And how much was paid him from the treasury?"

"Ten Attic talents." (About \$12,000.)

"Pay to this man five talents and tell the shipmasters to sell him the best galley in port, if he wishes to purchase."

Demetrius wrote a few words upon a tablet and handed it to the shipwrecked mariner. "A slave shall carry the gold wherever you wish it," he said to Archelaus.

"I shall tarry at the inn of Castor and Pollux till the moon is new," replied the Cyrenian, walking away, his heart much lighter than when he had entered the royal presence. After he had gone King Ptolemy spoke again to the young Greek in the scarlet cloak.

"Seek the architect Sostrasius and ask him hither. Thou wilt find him without doubt at the Museum. These shipwrecks are occurring too often."

Demetrius looking very handsome in his gay mantle, his helmet with its tossing horse-hair plumes and his embroidered buskins, left the palace with light steps on his sovereign's errand.

This happened a long time ago, almost three hundred years before Christ was born. Alexandria was a brand-new, busy city then, a mere mushroom growth in that old, old Egypt, where the upstart Ptolemies were reigning on the throne of the Pharaohs. The Ptolemy of our story was the first one of his line, the son of Lagos, usually called Soter, which literally means the Savior. Ptolemy was given this ti-

tle by the Rhodians, whom he aided at a time when they were in great need. As will be seen, the title was well deserved in more respects than one. This Ptolemy was one of the best and greatest kings that ever reigned. Among all of Alexander's generals, he was distinguished for his truth and magnanimity. No act of cruelty or self-indulgence has been charged to his memory. He was wise and learned himself, and a patron of genius and art. Under him Alexandria became one of the most splendid cities in the world. Costly and magnificent works adorned the city, and it became an intellectual as well as a commercial center. The young city that Alexander had built was already termed the University of the East.

At the court of Ptolemy you would have seen many of those scholars and artists whose names are watchwords in learning and art. There was Euclid, who first unfolded the "Elements of Geometry"; Eratosthenes, the first of geographers; Hipparchus, the astronomer; Manetho, who wrote one of the immortal histories; Apelles, the painter; Aristarchus, the critic; and Callimachus, the poet. To these we must add Sostrasius, the architect and sculptor. Sostrasius was a Greek, the son of Dixiphanes of Argos. He had great skill, great energy and great vanity. Perhaps the last is the usual accompaniment of genius. At any rate, Sostrasius possessed them all in an eminent degree. He had been employed by Ptolemy in the construction and embellishment of his new palace, the Hippodrome, the Mausoleum, which contained the tomb of the great Alexander, and other magnificent buildings. At the Museum he consorted with that galaxy of scholars and artists who gave such brilliancy to the court of Ptolemy. He hastened to obey at once the summons of the king, and in his long gown, wearing a great chain of gold, a gift of the monarch, around his neck, he entered the royal presence-chamber.

"You have been at Rhodes?" asked Ptolemy.

"Certainly, O king," replied Sostrasius.

"And you have seen the brazen statue of Apollo that Chares is casting?"

"I have had that pleasure."

"You will then know how to proceed to construct a similar colossus for our harbor?"

"I have a happier plan," said the architect, "if it is a lighthouse that your majesty desires. Give me the means and I will build a structure that centuries hence will stand for the benefit of seamen, and to show the royal beneficence of the son of Lagos."

"Son of Dixiphanes, my treasury is at your service. Proceed at once to your work. I do not wish any more shipwrecks to occur if I can help it. I mean Alexandria to be the queen city of the world. Build a monument



that shall honor the city and my reign."

Sostrasius bowed; "King Soter, your wish shall be gratified."

The monarch and the artist seemed to understand each other. In a very few weeks a person standing in any one of the long, wide streets would have seen men and horses engaged in conveying great blocks of white stone from the quarry to the quay. There they were loaded upon the flat-bottomed Nile boats, rowed by almost naked sailors, and conveyed to an island at the mouth of the harbor. Sostrasius then put his wits to work, King Ptolemy furnished the money and the men; and the most wonderful lighthouse that the world has ever seen blazed its beacon light over the dark waters and rocky islets. Years were spent in building it, and good King Ptolemy did not live to see it completed. His son Philadelphus, however, carried on the work, and three years after Soter had died, 280 B. C., the superb tower of white stone stood finished, glistening in the sun. How many dollars were spent in its erection we should not dare to say, but they went into the millions. The style and workmanship were represented to be magnificent. The building was the frustrum of a square pyramid surrounded by a large base, the precise dimensions of which are not known. Its height was four hundred feet; and Josephus tells us that the light, which was always kept burning on the top at night, could be seen at a distance of more than forty miles. It is related that Sostrasius, in order to have his own name remembered, carved it deep in the stone of the tower and covered it over with plaster, where he inscribed by royal command: "King Ptolemy to the gods, the saviors, for the benefit of sailors." The ravages of time washed away the plaster, and there, in bold characters, was read by generations, "Sostrasius, the son of Dixiphanes, to the gods for the benefit of sailors."

The island upon which this lighthouse was built was named Pharos, and the structure took its name from the site. There are those, however, who think that the name was derived from a word meaning fire. The word Pharos, Phare, Faro, etc., have been adopted into more than one European language to express lighthouse or sea light. Not a few writers have asserted that great mirrors must have been used to reflect the light on the Pharos and prevent it from being lost; but there is really no proof that there was any more effectual means of illumination employed than a common fire. If, as there is every reason to believe, there was a large area at the summit, quite a blaze could have found room on it. In fact, a fire must have some magnitude in order to be visible at forty miles. But didn't it cost something to provide and care for such a blaze? and to think of it burning every night!

For more than a thousand years King Ptol-

emy's lighthouse shed light constantly on sea and land. The fire never went out; it lighted Cleopatra's barges out to sea; it lighted the Roman fleets in from sea. The last Ptolemy died, and still the Pharos blazed on. Christianity overthrew Paganism; and Mohammedanism displaced Christianity, and the Caliphs of the green flag reigned in the land of the Pharaohs; but the Alexandrian wonder still stood for the benefit of sailors. It saw the fleets of the Crusaders go to and from the Holy Land; Saladin's grim warriors looked at it with wondering eyes. But at last it fell a prey to time and to the Saracens.—[F. M. Colby in Interior.

### Washington Allston's Prayer.

Washington Allston, the celebrated artist and poet, gives us an interesting account of an occurrence in his own life which he regarded as an instance of especial aid from a divine source. Having married a sister of the eminent Dr. Channing, he made his second visit to Europe, and settled in London as an artist. He met with little success, and for a time he was at a loss for the means of procuring the necessities of life. Reflecting one day with a feeling of almost desperation upon his condition he found himself all at once filled with the hope that God would help him if he only asked his help. So he locked his door, withdrew to a corner of his room, and falling on his knees prayed earnestly for help from on high. While thus kneeling in supplication he was aroused by some one knocking at the door. He opened it to a stranger, who announced himself as the Marquis of Stafford, who inquired if his painting of the angel Uriel was sold. Receiving a negative reply, the nobleman paid him four hundred pounds for the beautiful production, and was so pleased that he introduced the poor artist to the leading nobility and gentry, and thus to both fame and fortune. Allston never looked upon this as a mere happy coincidence; but the feeling that led him to prayer, and the immediate relief which followed, he always regarded as the direct interposition of God in his behalf in the hour of his need. As the result he was led to a Christian life, and fixed devotional habits became predominant traits in his character to the end of his life.

Li Hung Chang's wife, the Marchioness Li, is said to be one of the most beautiful women in China, and she is as well very clever. She is over sixty years of age, but looks hardly a day over thirty-five. Her toilets are the envy of all her associates. She possesses at least 3,000 costumes, her coiffure is varied in at least fifty different ways.

## Church News.

### Northern California.

**Oakland Pilgrim.**—A union Christian Endeavor meeting of East Oakland churches was held in this church Sunday evening. Rev. W. W. Madge gave an enthusiastic account of the London Convention.

**Stockton.**—By the will of Rev. Dr. Holbrook the California Home Missionary Society is to receive a bequest of \$500 toward the proposed endowment fund for meeting costs of administration; the A. B. C. F. M. an equal sum; the C. C. B. Society and the A. M. A. each \$100.

**San Francisco Eighth.**—The church here has been strengthened and encouraged by the work of Rev. W. E. M. Stewart during the summer. A very pleasant social and reception to the pastor and his wife was given last Wednesday. Mr. Stewart is also suppling at Colma, where a large evening congregation has been gathered, the services being held in the schoolhouse.

**San Mateo.**—Although many of our people are away yet, the pastor is favored with large congregations both morning and evening, the church is taking on new life and is very much encouraged with its future outlook. The Ladies' Aid Society gave a Promenade Concert recently for the benefit of the church, which was a great success, both socially and financially. The ladies have papered the parsonage addition and Pastor Kidd and family are now very comfortably located there. The Christian Endeavor Society will celebrate their eighth birthday by a muster and roll-call on Friday, the 31st.

**San Francisco Richmond.**—The service of Sunday evening was conducted by Dr. A. P. Peck of Pang Chuang, China. His sermon dealt with the missionary problem in China, explained its religious condition, and refuted charges which have been brought against the missionaries. Referring to the statement that the Chinese converts have been forced into Christianity, he said, "I have lived in China for the past twenty years, and have never once seen a missionary upon any one. I was in a hospital as a physician, and even then we did not talk religion to the patients if they did not wish to hear it." He spoke an appreciative word also for the converts. "I know it for a fact," he said, "that the men that hauled that big twelve-inch gun from the English ship Terrible that did so much effective work in the bombardment of Tientsin were Christian Chinese."

**Angels.**—Rev. Mr. Bair reports the new church as starting out under favoring conditions, the people as interested, and a desire expressed for special evangelistic services.

Vallecito, five miles distant, also asks for the services of Mr. Bair. Preaching in Calaveras county does not seem to be a decadent force; at least, it may be so judged if one of Mr. Bair's recent sermons is any indication. In the course of it he referred to the number of unmarried men in the congregation, telling them that God says it is not good for man to live alone, and that their bachelor lives are neglect of duty. At the close of the service he was called upon to officiate at a marriage, the groom remarking that he would not any longer disobey God's command. Indications are that the end is not yet. At Altaville Mr. Bair holds service on Friday evenings, with good attendance. He closes with the words, "This is a great field with a ripe harvest in full view."

### Southern California.

**East Los Angeles.**—Rev. F. I. Wheat, pastor of Park church, San Francisco, who has been supplying this pulpit in exchange with Rev. C. B. Dorland, has returned. The arrangement between these two ministers has been mutually acceptable to both churches and pastors. Mr. Dorland begins now his vacation of four weeks, during which time the usual Sunday services will be suspended.

**Paso Robles.**—Work on the new church will begin early next month. Pledges are being rapidly paid, \$108.75 being received from Southern California subscribers last week. A new pledge of \$5 has been made by the Sonoma Endeavor society. The pastor has recently received a \$17 Oxford Bible, containing all the helps and the authorized and revised versions printed in parallel columns on India paper. The cover inscription in gold reads: "Presented to Rev. Francis W. Reid by the California Christian Endeavor Union, May 20, 1900, in appreciation of four years' service as General Secretary." The work of the Foreign Missionary Society was presented last Sabbath.

**Avalon.**—In addition to our usual Sunday feast of good things Avalon congregations, which have been very large during the month of August, have listened to such men as Rev. J. M. Maile, Prof. Ferguson, Revs. Geo. Robertson, H. P. Case, Cleaver, Smithers, Messrs. Servoss and Wilber of C. E. and S. S. work, and others, with "more to follow." We have been helped and cheered by the presence as well as the words of these and very many others who have been faithful in attendance at church, Sabbath-school and Christian Endeavor services. Prayer-meetings have been inspiring and well attended. As many as thirty different churches were represented at one meeting. Our Field Day offering amounted to \$575. A C. E. service was held on board the Farragut during her stay in Avalon Bay. The boys from the Whittier school are encamped at Camp Banning.



### Notes and Personals.

Rev. Mr. Lee and wife, who were missionaries in China for more than thirty years, are making their home for a time at Claremont with their son-in-law, the Rev. Henry Kingman.

Prof. David Arnold, who has resigned his position in Pomona College to accept the chair of mathematics in the Normal at Las Vegas, New Mexico, expects to leave for his new field about October 1st.

The officers and teachers of the First Congregational church in San Diego recently united in a reception to Dr. David P. Barrows, who has been the teacher of a large class of young men and women. Dr. Barrows, it will be remembered, is about sailing for Manila, where an important educational work has been committed to him.

The Monday Ministerial Club listened to a paper by Dr. Mooar on places visited and people met during his recent visit to New England after an absence of sixteen years. To say that it was of absorbing interest is equivalent to naming the reader. More we would like to say, but as the paper has been requested for publication it seems unnecessary at the present time.

Following his good work at Saratoga, referred to in last week's Pacific, Dr. M. C. Harris visited Vacaville last Sunday, and after a sermon at the Japanese mission, baptized and received into the church five Japanese laborers upon fruit ranches in the neighborhood. An excellent work has been done, under the supervision of Dr. Harris, among the hundreds of Japanese in Vaca Valley, by Mr. Morimoto, the Japanese pastor, who is about to return to his native land to work at Sendai.

On September 5th and 6th the Santa Clara District Association meets at Pescadero. The following is part of the program: Address on Temperance by Rev. J. R. Knodell, "How to Have Revivals in Our Churches," "How to Get Our Young People into Our Churches," "The Church of the Future," "Our Sunday-schools," "How to Make Workers of Our Church Members," "How Do I Know That Missions Pay?" "How Has the Capen Plan Worked in Your Church?" "The Christian's Vacation."

Rev. Geo. H. Merrill, for two years pastor of the Congregational church at Suisun, has removed to Davisville, where he is to take charge of the Presbyterian church. In anticipation of this event the young people of the C. E. Society and their friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Merrill to express their appreciation of their labors, and regret at their removal, and to wish them Godspeed in their new home. It is pleasant indeed when

a minister can leave a parish with expressions of respect and attachment so warm as those which have attended this departure.

The fall meeting of the Bay Conference will be held with Grace Congregational church of Fitchburg, September 11th, with the following program: 2:15 p. m., Organization; 2:30 p. m., Paper, "The Need of a Revival," Rev. J. K. Harrison; 2:50 p. m., Devotion; 3:00 p. m., "Conditions of Revival," Prof. C. S. Nash; 3:20 p. m., Interchange of Thoughts; 3:40 p. m., "The Holy Spirit in Revivals," Rev. J. H. Goodall; 4:00 p. m., Communion; 4:30 p. m., "After the Revival, What?" Rev. W. H. Scudder; 4:50 p. m., Discussion and Business; 5:30 p. m., Recess. Evening: Praise service; Addresses by Miss Denton, on missionary work in Japan; by Rev. Geo. B. Hatch on impressions from a recent European trip bearing upon Christian Endeavor and spiritual life. It is hoped that Rev. E. D. Hale can bring inspiration from the London C. E. Convention. Each church is entitled to three voting delegates.

### An Explanatory Letter.

Oakland, August 25, 1900.

*Dear Pacific:* There is an error of statement in your issue of this week which I beg you to correct by printing this letter. It is said: "Some of the votes against (the installation of Mr. Brooks at East Oakland) were cast by persons who supposed that an affirmative vote would be sanctioning the views of the candidate, the moderator so ruling. When this ruling was made there so general a protest against it that it was hardly deemed necessary to appeal from the decision of the moderator; but so standing, it was misleading to a few."

There was no such ruling made, no protest against any ruling. The moderator stated expressly, in preparing the way for the vote, that the question was simply this: Whether, all things considered, Mr. Brooks ought to be installed. Nearly every member gave his reasons for his vote. There was no evidence that any member of the council failed to understand, or had any other question in mind.

Very respectfully yours,

Frank H. Foster, Moderator.

Since receiving this letter we have enquired of several of the members of the council who say that there was a statement made by the Moderator which was regarded by them and others as a ruling, and that votes were cast in accordance with that understanding. Perhaps the Moderator was only explaining his vote, or gave it as his personal opinion, not intending it as a ruling. To this there were informal protests from many in the room, but the Moderator may not have heard them. The mouths of many witnesses establish this.—[Editor.]

## Acorns from Three Oaks.

By Aloha.

How to Have a Good Missionary Meeting.

Ask the good lady at Bella Vista, or better yet, go and see how she does it. Some devout and intelligent women help her in decorations. Young people like to see banners and lanterns and flowers. Then there is no sin in a little lively music. If a young man can make a violin speak, plant the love of missions close by his love of music. If the bows draw the girls the girls draw the beaux. There is a way of making great variety in devotional exercises without oddity. Some of the young Saratoga women understand it. I believe in their ways. Never saw better. Mr. Beecher in 'Saratoga' *tuotuasas in elatetp tou pip* did believe in preaching which made a sensation. So I believe in making devotional exercises interesting. A cup of tea at the right time, ice cream on a hot afternoon, a dainty sandwich when the burden of the meeting is over—all help. Crown these gifts in an ideal country home, in the shade of mighty oaks and sycamores, with a wise missionary, warm-hearted and witty, like Miss Denton of Japan, and your missionary meeting goes. It does not require a great organ and a cathedral church. It makes the best kind of a social for country neighbors, and the young people will flock to their special part in the evening. They don't need to be driven away from a vulgar dance. Draw them to something better. The general fund of the A. B. C. F. M. would be lessened if we started a missionary settlement may be glad to learn that we never raised our apportionment so promptly or easily as this year. It came as easy as a boy's whistle. Never so promptly and pleasantly, says the pastor. And the Christian Endeavor got their share in so early they were ready for the next call.

Hello, Endeavorers!

Rev. F. H. Reid is a Saratoga boy we are proud of, but he belongs to you all; for years he has poured out his energies for the State work. Now he is in the crisis of building a central and pretty little church at Paso Robles. Let every society remember him. Saratoga sends cheerful letters with a prompt check for \$10—her share. "Go, thou, and do likewise." The Council advised it and the cause is worthy. Clinch a victory for Paso Robles' problem.

"My Kingdom for a Horse"

That is what the missionaries are saying in sunny Saratoga. Cottages, corn, fruit, tents, cream and kindness they find in Saratoga. A fine, large carriage, too, with a stout brake for mountain driving—the gift of a generous Oaklander. But a horse and a harness the busy ranchers have not found yet. Who wants to pension some fine old family pet at Sara-

toga? He will be treated kindly, never sold to a peddler cart, and when his race is run will have equine sleep and such immortality thereafter as God may order for a noble animal after reverent interment under "Three Oaks." Trot out your horse you have been questioning about. There's a gentle lassie and some bright boys waiting for him. The climate agrees with all kinds of good animals here.

A Sensible Old Parson.

The consecration meeting had got on a full half-hour overtime. He had a welcome share in the business. Two dear souls joined us. The ten who joined last took hold in the meeting. The responses to the roll-call were not all Bible verses or hymns. The hers helped. It had been a full day and they tell me they did not need a sermon. Prune-picking would begin early. So the wise old parson sent his flock home to rest and sleep. I think that congregation was pleased. He might run overtime some day and no growth.

## Washington Letter.

I. Learned

If any of our readers wish to visit a most charming place, beautiful in its views, with its most lovely sunsets, and enjoy the most delightful hospitalities of Christian, cultured people, let such an one find "Fox-Island-on-the-Sound," with its exceeding happy and contented "Sylvan folks." We must, of course, now as always, use adjectives in a comparative way; but what I have known heretofore of this part of human-kind with what "I learned" within a week or so, makes me believe that there is about as little of human selfishness at Sylvan as in any place which I have discovered in this state of Washington.

Those of us who were there on the 18th and 19th of the present month were there not merely to enjoy the social and material environment, but to extend to the little Congregational church the fellowship of sister churches in the very interesting services of the dedication of their just completed church edifice. About nine years ago the Christian people of four or five families, all of whom had come hither from Grinnell, Iowa, a short time previously, believed it their duty to organize themselves into a church, gather a Bible school and do what they could for the permanent establishment of religious influences and institutions amid their chosen surroundings.

The children in these several families were few and but few others are as yet reached. Frequent invitations are given and the kindly repetition will bring others later on, but the majority of this Bible school are adults and in the Bible class.

With this study of the Word, even without a pastor, the gospel has had power and



its graces have been constantly indicated in the character and purpose of the community. There has been occasional preaching by some of the neighboring pastors and once or twice a minister from the East has spent a few Sabbaths of his vacation with them, breaking unto them the Bread of Life. Other than such, there has been little ministering from without to their spiritual needs, except as the Spirit quickened their understandings as they opened the Scriptures.

Their meetings have been in the school-building of the district or alternating in the private homes of the members. There has been a looking forward, of course, to a place of public worship; but not until within a year were even the beginnings of such an enterprise undertaken. One of them gave the site and as the building progressed has given of money and much more. Others have made their contributions of money and services, some of which was certainly skilled labor. But they have one of the very neatest, well-proportioned, tasteful little churches anywhere to be found in this section. Some time its picture must adorn the pages of *The Pacific*. It has seemed wonderful to these builders, as they have noted the many sources from which gifts have come, that so many friends should be raised up for them. Each offering coming to them through the mails has been a new surprise, and why not, when one comes from London, Eng., another from Hawaii, another from South America, and others from each of eight different states of our own country? The bell in the tower of the church is one of the "family bells" given by "Father Eells," having been first placed in the belfry of the Atkinson Memorial church of Tacoma; but with the closing of that church it was transferred to this by the thoughtfulness of Edwin Eells, a son of the original benefactor. It was a pleasure that the latter could be present and tell the story of the Eells bells.

The C. C. B. S. assisted, as always, where need is, with its generous grant, and the handsome building, costing \$1,600, was finished without a debt and without need of a collection at the dedication services. Rev. S. M. Freeland had general charge for the day, preaching the sermon, while the prayer of dedication was led by Pastor Ford of Tacoma. Other parts were taken by Supt. Bailey, President Penrose of Walla Walla, and Supt. Greene.

The organ, which was used first for this occasion was given by a lady of Tacoma who had accompanied these friends from Grinnell, and who had placed upon it a small tablet indicating that it had been given by two dear friends of these people, one of whom was the originator of the local, both of whom have recently passed over and now worship in the more glorious temple. It had been more than a

year since the sacrament of the Lord's Supper had been celebrated here, and so at five o'clock a vesper service was held which closed with the Master's blessing a most profitable day—one never to be forgotten at Sylvan.

Seattle, August 25th.

### A Michigan Assembly.

The Macatawa Park Assembly is peculiar in some of its features. It is conducted for only a week. It is free to all comers. Its forenoons are given over to Bible study. Its grade of work is so high that three serial courses of its Bible study lectures have passed into permanent form—Dr. Campbell's lectures on the Holy Spirit, and the lectures of Professor Willett of Chicago and Dr. Campbell on the historical literary and spiritual interpretation of the books of the New Testament. This year, to the delight of many who knew of him, and more who made his acquaintance, Professor R. R. Lloyd of the Pacific Seminary gave the Bible lectures, a series of six, on *Methods of Bible Study*. The audience was composed largely of students of the Bible, Catholic and Protestant, professors in Seminaries, and teachers in Colleges. Some came from afar expressly to hear these lectures. The simplicity and thoroughness of manner, the open candor of Dr. Lloyd, the startling revelations of having eyes, yet not seeing, which came to many as the open, evident truth of scripture was made clear, these and many other things made this a rare gathering.

"Why could we not all have been taught so to study as he does?" was asked by many. Of course, not all agreed with Dr. Lloyd in all things, but all agreed that he had studied as they had not. When Professor Moore, who for above two score years has been engaged in the same kind of work as Professor Lloyd, expressed his keen appreciation, and spoke of the gain and pleasure of sitting at the feet of the young man it was a sight long to be remembered. Dr. Burgess of Normal had moved a vote of thanks and the request that if possible Professor Lloyd be secured for next year. Dr. Garrison of St. Louis had seconded and Dr. Moore supported in terms that thrilled. Of course, the vote was unanimous. "Why can we not bring Lloyd back to Chicago?" was the query of some of our Congregational brethren. The week was decidedly one of intense power and gain in the interest aroused in the exact study of the Old Book. The evening lectures were good. Rev. J. C. Cremer of St. Louis read a fine discourse on theological themes, following closely President Hyde of Bowdoin, whom he hailed as having made a distinct contribution to theological thought. Rev. G. G. Lee of Evanston preached the closing sermon, using by request a chapter from his recent work on religious misconceptions, after which the communion



service was participated in by a very large audience.

The Assembly was in charge of Rev. Geo. H. Wilson of De Kalb, Ill. Several other summer schools are in search of Professor Lloyd for next year, and representatives approached him concerning the matter. Many here believe the Pacific has the leading Bible teacher. He will be at Macatawa Park next year, if possible to get him.

G. H. Wilson.

Macatawa Park, Mich., August 14, 1900.

### The Story of Frank.

One summer morning, says a writer in the *Presbyterian*, while in the country, we were rather startled by the sudden and unexpected appearance of a most singular visitor. Although barefooted, he bore no resemblance to the ordinary tramp, for he wore a long-tail coat, jet black and glossy, and a tight-fitting cap of the same color and material. He could not speak our language, but knowing he was in quest of food, we brought some, which was quickly devoured, and after lingering around and surveying the house and grounds for a time the stranger departed as unceremoniously as he had come. The next morning he was back again, and after eating a small portion of that which was offered, he took the remainder out on the lawn and hid it under a box of plants, and towards evening we saw him return and carry it away. We soon learned that his name was Frank, and that he lived less than a mile distant, with a farmer and his wife, who had taken him from his parents in his earliest infancy. They were very fond of him, and he was so warmly attached to them that he showed no desire to go back to his relatives, or even to associate with them, though many of them lived in the neighborhood. For generations his family had borne the reputation of being dishonest, and notwithstanding Frank's training had been so entirely different, the same evil propensities were early developed in him and he already gave evidence of being a bold thief. He loved to visit different parts of the surrounding country, and being generously provided with means to travel, he seldom journeyed on foot. While on these trips he frequently stopped at farm-houses, as their open windows had a special attraction for him, for he was in the habit of entering and carrying off tooth-brushes, cakes of soap, brushes, combs, etc., and though numerous attempts were made to capture the thief, or shoot him, thus far Frank had always managed to reach home in safety.

One morning while Frank was on our porch a cup, part full of tea, was set before him, and after eyeing it suspiciously for a few seconds, he held it firmly with the long, thin toes of one of his feet, while he proceeded to fish out

the few leaves it contained, strewing them one by one on the floor. Then clasping the handle of the cup in his mouth, he deliberately turned it over, apparently well pleased to see the sweet creamy beverage flowing down the clean boards, though he looked the picture of injured innocence. We never invited Frank to take tea with us again. Towards the end of September Frank's visits became less frequent; and one day when we had been entertaining an old friend with the history of our summer's acquaintance, Frank unexpectedly presented himself at the kitchen door. Our old friend was delighted with his sociable manners and fine appearance, but when he attempted to feel the texture of his beautiful black coat, Frank was indignant and hurried off in rare high dudgeon, muttering angrily as he went, and we never saw him again.

On our return to the farm the following season we were sorry to hear, that notwithstanding all his precautions, our strange friend of the previous summer had met the fate that had befallen so many of his dishonest relatives. Some said a mischievous boy had shot him, others, that it was a gunner who did not know that Frank was a tame crow.

The Rev. Dr. D. Z. Sheffield, President of the North China College and Mission at Tungchau, near Peking, was in America when the Boxer riots began, but immediately prepared to return to his post. Before sailing from San Francisco, late in June, he learned of the burning of his college. Dr. Sheffield left behind him the manuscript of an article which will appear in the September Century under the title of "The Influence of the Western World on China." As a result of the author's thirty years' experience as a missionary, he is said to argue strongly against the dismemberment of the Middle Kingdom. Equally timely will be a paper by R. Van Bergen in the same number, on "The Revolution in China and its Causes."

Little by little, as wastefulness gives place to economy, it is seen how richly furnished is this world which the heavenly Father has given as a home to the children of men. California, for example, is just emerging from an era of unrestricted prodigality. But as its original wealth has shown signs of exhaustion and more careful methods of farming have obtained, so have its riches increased. So it is cheering to learn that out of hitherto wasted sawdust is to be manufactured combustible bricks for fuel. Properly mixed with tarry substances, heated and compressed, it issues in convenient shape for use. One factory, it is said, has capacity for turning out 6,000,000 of these briquettes yearly, at a manufacturing cost of only 16 cents per thousand.



## HOW TO LIVE A CENTURY.

Pure air is food for the lungs, as bread is food for the stomach; and an inexhaustible supply of it has been furnished, fresh and free, to every living creature. It is possible for a person to live a whole month without solid food, but when deprived of fluid to drink, life becomes extinct more quickly; but when deprived of air, the person can live only a few moments.

All through life's journey, from the first breath in infancy to the last act of respiration in old age, air is an absolute necessity.

This vitalizing element, with its invigorating influence, can be heard playing in the tree-tops, whizzing around the corners of the house, and we feel it fanning our own cheeks; it is everywhere, rushing along on errands of mercy, imparting life to man, plant and beast.

Air is a life-preserver; it is the particular friend of man, and he who barricades the doors and windows against this life-saving friend gives a cordial invitation to disease and death to enter.

Open the doors and windows, and let the sun shine in, and let the wind blow through the rooms every morning, for they are disinfectants performing labor of a sanitary nature. Breathe long and deep; fill the lungs to their utmost capacity with pure air several times each day, and keep the home well ventilated night and day, and remember that when night comes on, all the air you have, in or out of the house, till the next morning is "night air," and you cannot bottle day air enough within the sleeping room to last through the night; so by all means let the air circulate through the room, and thus keep a fresh supply of this life-giving element constantly with you.

More fresh air is required during sleep than when awake, for increased quantities of poisonous products are given off from the lungs and skin at this time; so each respiration renders the air in an unventilated room more unfit to be breathed again.

Keep the windows sufficiently open so the fresh "night air" can come in from one side, and the impure air can go out through the

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other. The upper sash should be down one inch and the lower sash up one inch for each person sleeping in the room. A lamp burning in the room should be counted as equal to one person, and a gas jet equal to six or more persons, according to the size of burner. It is suicidal for any person to sleep or live in an unventilated room, for when deprived of pure air, the person will die sooner than from being robbed of any of the other life elements.

The writer has seen many instances where vines, covered with heavy foliage were growing before the windows of the sleeping-room

for the express purpose of keeping out the sun. The sun, like the air, is a powerful agent, prolonging the life of the human family by burning and in other ways destroying the enemies that are lurking about in our pathway. So in place of shutting the sun out, remove every obstruction, curtains, blinds and vines and let your friend shine in.

The effective life and the receptive life are one. No sweep of arm that does some work for God, but harvests, also, some more of the truth of God, and sweeps it into the treasury of life.—[Phillips Brooks.



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Accept cheerfully the law of constant change, under which God's love has set us. Do not let the pleasant bonds of habit tie your parts so tightly to the familiar possessions that you shrink from the introduction of fresh elements. Be sure that the new comes from the same loving hand which sent the old in its season, and that change is meant to be progress. Do not confine yourselves within any mill-horse round of associations and occupations. Front the vicissitudes of life, not merely with patience, but with happy confidence, for they all come from him whose love is older than your best blessings, and whose merits, new every morning, express themselves fresh through every age.—[Alexander MacLaren.]

Service is better than gain. What man does for God or for his fellows is more advantageous to himself than what he gets in any other way from God or his fellows. It is more important for him to know, he prays or as he works, what others want that he can give or do, than what he wants from them. It may seem a strange thought, but the principle to a man, but he could remember the words of our Lord Jesus, when he himself said—"I surely he was not mistaken in saying—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."—[Sunday-school text.]

The greatest miracle that I know of is that of conversion. I was dead, and I live; I was blind, and I see; I was a slave, and I am free; I was an enemy of God, and I love him. Prayer, the Bible, the society of Christians—these were to me a source of profound ennui; while now it is the pleasures of the world that are a weariness to me, and piety is the source of all my joy. Behold the miracle! and if God has been able to work that one, there are none of which He is not capable.—[Vinet.]

When a bell is cast, two molds of sand are made, an inner and an outer, so arranged as to form between them precisely the shape desired for the bell. The metal is poured in and then the molds are broken. But that form is not destroyed, it is only fulfilled and the bell rings out the glad song of fulfillment.—[Peloubet.]

Michael Joseph Barry, the poet, was appointed a police magistrate in Dublin. An Irish-American was brought before him charged with suspicious conduct, and the constable swore, among other things, that he was wearing a "Republican" hat. "Does your honor know what that means?" inquired the prisoner's lawyer of the court. "I presume," said Barry, "that it means a hat without a crown."

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by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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